

DEATH NOTE

by

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Based on the Japanese MANGA entitled "Death Note"
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1/17/15 Draft, Version 2.4

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Over the OPENING CREDITS, we glimpse A FUTURISTIC CITYSCAPE. Chrome-plated towers rise in orderly lines. Maglev rail systems snake through the city like arteries.

The city is beautiful but inert. Lifeless. Nothing moves.

That's because it's not a real city at all. It's a COMPUTER SIMULATION, running on a Macbook Pro laptop.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

A crowded high school gym, dozens of booths on display.

An overhead banner reads **FUTURE LEADERS SUMMIT**.

We glimpse some of the students' presentations: wind farms, sustainable energy, GMO farming, etc. A top finish here would look damn good on a college application.

A pair of JUDGES reach Light Turner's booth, where the computer simulation is running. SCREENSHOTS of his virtual city have been arranged across the corkboard.

LIGHT is handsome, blond, a junior in high school. He's focused, intense, possibly too smart for his own good. An ambitious kid, searching for a way to make a difference in a world that doesn't seem to give a shit.

JUDGE #1

(off his notes)

#23. Light Turner. "Utopia."

JUDGE #2

What's this? A video game?

LIGHT

It's a simulation. A prototype zero-carbon city that's designed to be 100% self-sustainable.

JUDGE #2

Looks like a video game.

LIGHT

It's...actually really complex. See, each building has its own greenhouse and solar collector--

JUDGE #1

What's the point?

Light is thrown by the interruption. Tries to recover.

LIGHT

The point is a society in perfect balance. No greenhouse emissions, no poverty, no crime--

JUDGE #2

How do solar panels reduce crime?

LIGHT

They don't, but if you create an ecosystem where people feel safe, where every need is being met, you take away the incentive for crime.

Judge #1 picks up an info sheet, scans Light's data.

JUDGE #1

The point of this summit is developing practical real-world applications. Key word: *practical*.

(off Light's sheet)

Look, you've got capped energy allowances...waste quotas... You're telling people how to live!

LIGHT

They're just guidelines.

(he's losing them)

I mean...everyone wants to live in a better world, right?

Wrong answer. The judges flash thin, patronizing smiles.

JUDGE #2

You good?

JUDGE #1

I'm good. Thanks, Light.

They move on to the next booth. Light stares after them.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Light eating dinner with his parents: JAMES and CARRIE. On the surface they couldn't be more different. James is an old-school beat cop: rugged and no-nonsense, with an unshakable code of ethics. Carrie is more of the artistic type; she's a sculptor, cheerful and somewhat ethereal.

CARRIE

How'd your presentation go?

LIGHT

The judges didn't really get it.

JAMES TURNER

Didn't get it?

LIGHT

Said it wasn't practical.

JAMES TURNER

The cop thing? I told you, you can't have a city without any police. Whole thing's ridiculous.

LIGHT

(grudgingly)
That was *one* of the things they mentioned, yeah.

JAMES TURNER

Always gonna need cops.

Light stares at his plate. We immediately sense the disconnect between them, between this alpha male father and his shy, brainy son. Never on the same wavelength.

Carrie jumps in to fill the silence.

CARRIE

Well, *I* thought it was cool. So who cares about them. Besides, it's not like you're hurting for extracurriculars.

JAMES TURNER

Yeah, speaking of. Talked to my buddy over at City Hall this morning. He thinks Councilman Neary might be willing to write you a letter of recommendation for Notre Dame. If you want it.

LIGHT

Oh. Cool.

JAMES TURNER

They're gonna have one hell of a team next year.

(sees Light's face)
What's wrong with Notre Dame?

LIGHT

Nothing, they're great.

He hesitates, knowing this is a touchy subject.

LIGHT

It's just...it kinda feels like I'm choosing the rest of my life.
(MORE)

LIGHT (CONT'D)

And, I mean...I don't even know
what I want to do yet.

CARRIE

That's what college is for. Trying
new things. Figuring out what
you're good at.

LIGHT

What if I don't figure it out in
time?

JAMES TURNER

Trust me. When the right thing
comes along...you'll know.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Light sits at his computer. The simulation program is
running. Light's VIRTUAL CITY, perfect and pristine.

It's also impractical. Idealistic. A child's fantasy.

Light opens the menu and DELETES the entire program. The
city VANISHES, replaced by an empty default template.

Light closes his laptop with a snap.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Roosevelt High, early morning. Students hanging out on
the lawn, trading gossip, waiting for the first bell.

Light has claimed prime real estate beneath an oak tree.
His sketchbook is out, his pen racing across the page.
Enjoying a moment of solitude before the day begins.

He's sketching a quick portrait of the THREE TEENAGE
GIRLS sitting on a bench across from him. Two of the
girls are just silhouettes; it's the one in the middle
who has caught his eye. This is NAOMI HUTTON. Think a
young Winona Ryder. Pretty, but brooding and intense.

Naomi glances his way. Realizes Light has been watching
her. Doesn't seem to mind.

Light holds her gaze. But at that moment--

KENNY (O.S.)

Ho-lee *shiiiiiiit*!

A few feet away, a scrawny FRESHMAN has been surrounded
by a trio of brawny seniors, led by KENNY DOYLE.

The poor Freshman is dressed like a college professor: sweater vest, cashmere scarf, the whole nine yards.

And that's blood in the water for a shark like Kenny. He's 19 years old--third time's the charm for that diploma--and 240 pounds of mean, stupid muscle.

As Light watches, Kenny grabs the kid's scarf, jerking him forward and back, like a fish on a hook.

KENNY

You kidding me with this shit?
Goddamn. Fucking five points from
Gryffindor right here.

FRESHMAN KID

C-come on, please--

KENNY

"Cuh-cuh-come on." Yeah, I bet you
want me to fucking come on you.

Light goes back to his sketch. But in the background, he can still hear Kenny and his friends, taunting the kid.

It's not his fight. And those guys are twice his size.

Still, it's eating him alive. *The cruelty, the injustice of it all. The fact that no one else seems to care.*

We PUSH IN on Light's face, tighter and tighter...

Meanwhile, the Freshman tries to dart past the bullies.

FRESHMAN KID

Just leave me alone--

Kenny grabs the kid's vest, whips him back around.

KENNY

Whoa, whoa, where you going, man?
We're just hanging out.

(pretends to notice:)

Wow, that is some vest you got. My
colleagues and I, we were just
wondering: where does someone go
to get such a...a fucking faggot's
wet dream of a vest? Huh? You got
a special store for that?

FRESHMAN KID

My...my mom picked it out--

Kenny pulls the kid closer. Still smiling pleasantly.

KENNY

No shit. Maybe she wants to take me shopping, too. What do you say?

The Freshman kid looks ready to pass out--

And suddenly Light is there. Inserting himself between the bully and his victim. Kenny blinks in surprise.

KENNY

Fuck's your problem?

Light says nothing. Just stares him down. Meanwhile, the Freshman seizes the moment, darting away into the crowd.

KENNY

I said. What. The. FUCK--

Without warning, Kenny's arm shoots out, STRIKING Light's chest with the flat of his palm. Light goes sprawling.

KENNY

--is your problem?

Slowly, painfully, Light climbs to his feet.

The yard has gone silent around them.

Once again, Light fixes Kenny with that thousand-yard stare. That gunslinger stare.

There's no fear in his blue eyes. Only cold resolve.

And Kenny loses his nerve. Turns away, shaking his head.

KENNY

Man, whatever. Fucking weirdo.

The crowd disperses, disappointed by the lack of blood. Naomi is among them. She briefly meets Light's gaze--curious, perhaps a little intrigued--then continues on.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Fifth period, *History and World Affairs*, always a snooze. In the back of the class, watching as the wind sweeps fast food wrappers across the parking lot.

The SUBSTITUTE TEACHER is playing *Candy Crush* on his phone while an EDUCATIONAL VIDEO plays.

It's a film about global poverty. *Images of homeless people, children and families, many of them starving.*

Images of a broken, hopeless world.

In the parking lot, the wind has INTENSIFIED. The papers are swirling in mid-air, caught in a miniature vortex--

Light frowns, curious. And at that exact moment--

SOMETHING drops from the sky.

A small, black object, impossible to make out.

But the second it hits the ground, the wind dies down. The vortex breaks apart.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

End of the school day. Light exits the building. Book bag slung over his shoulder. Starts across the parking lot.

He stops, remembering. Backtracks to the spot where he glimpsed that weird wind vortex. He scans the ground...

And sees THE NOTEBOOK.

The cover is jet black. Bound with leather stitching. On the cover, handwritten in WHITE INK, it says:

DEATH NOTE

Light picks up the notebook, and again we hear the SHARP FLUTTER OF WINGS. Light glances around, startled.

But he appears to be alone.

Light flips it open. More WHITE INK inside. Under the heading "DEATH NOTE -- HOW TO USE IT" -- a numbered SERIES OF RULES:

FX: As Light reads aloud, the RULES appear across the screen, written in JAGGED WHITE HANDWRITING.

LIGHT

*Rule 1. The human whose name is
written in this note shall die...*

He looks around again. For reasons he can't quite explain, he's suddenly feeling very *exposed* out here. He stuffs the notebook into his bag and continues onward.

INT. SUBWAY - MOVING - LATER

The train is CROWDED with the usual mix of commuters. Light sits in the back, studying the notebook.

He rifles through the pages. There are HUNDREDS of rules written here. We focus only on the most important ones:

LIGHT (V.O.)

Rule 2. This note will not take effect unless the writer has the person's face in their mind when writing his or her name.

FX: As before, each new RULE appears as onscreen text, written in meticulous white lettering.

LIGHT (V.O.)

Rule 3. If the cause of death is written within the next 40 seconds, it will happen as specified.

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

A dying neighborhood, choked by crime. Brownstone apartment buildings press and jostle for every inch of available space. Trash and graffiti everywhere.

FX: The HANDWRITTEN RULES continue to appear onscreen.

LIGHT (V.O.)

Rule 47. If he so chooses, the Death God can influence--and even control--the events and actions preceding the subject's death.

Light passes a CITY PARK. He sees LITTLE KIDS playing on warped and rusted playground equipment. Only a few feet away, DRUG DEALERS are busy smoking and shooting the shit. Some of them are packing heat.

Light keeps walking. There's nothing he can do.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light thumbs through the Death Note. Pages upon pages of rules, all written in that jagged white lettering.

Then he notices a few additional lines scrawled in the margins. The HANDWRITING here is different. These lines were clearly added by someone other than the author.

LIGHT (V.O.)

*Don't trust the Shinigami.
(followed by:)
He is not your pet.
(and below that:)
He is not your friend.*

Light shakes his head. *What a weird fucking prank.*

LIGHT

What. The. Hell.

A sudden commotion from outside. Light rolls his chair backwards, peers out the window--

On the street below, he spots KENNY DOYLE, surrounded by his buddies. They're following a PRETTY GIRL down the sidewalk, harassing her, dogging her steps.

As Light watches, Kenny darts forward, snatches the girl's purse, then mockingly holds it just out of her reach. She grabs for it, on the verge of tears.

LIGHT

Asshole...

Light turns away from the window in disgust.

And his gaze falls on the Death Note.

Again that strange lettering appears across our screen:

FX LETTERING: Rule 1: The human whose name is written in this note shall die.

He opens the notebook. Pauses. Then, knowing full well how stupid this is, he picks up a pen and writes...

LIGHT

"Kenny Doyle."

He finishes. Stares at Kenny's name, written in his neat, precise handwriting.

FX LETTERING: Rule 2: This note will not take effect unless the writer has the person's face in their mind when writing his or her name.

LIGHT

How do you wanna die, Kenny?

He taps his pen on the page. Then he grins.

Writes **DECAPITATION** next to Kenny's name.

Again we hear that sharp FLUTTERING NOISE. Like some giant moth. Light looks around, his smile fading.

He glances at the Death Note in his hands. But now the book no longer seems like a harmless gag.

LIGHT

Stupid.

He stands, tosses the Death Note into the trash can--

And behind him, A PORTION OF THE SHADOWS BREAK AWAY FROM THE WALL, whipping past him, a streak of darkness--

Light whirls, startled. *What the hell was that?*

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - SHINIGAMI POV - CONTINUOUS

And suddenly we're flying, GLIDING effortlessly through the air, swooping across the street--

We circle Kenny and his friends. Almost close enough to touch. A faint wind picks up, and again we hear the angry FLUTTER of batlike wings.

Kenny hears something, too. His grin falters as he glances over his shoulder. Looking right through us.

Then WE'RE FLYING AGAIN, racing down the street--

Passing a KID dribbling a BASKETBALL--

The PRETTY GIRL they were harassing, hurrying away, shaken and upset, her purse clutched to her chest--

An ELDERLY MAN carrying two bags filled with GROCERIES--

We pick up speed, moving impossibly fast, zeroing in on--

A CARPENTER'S PICK-UP TRUCK, idling at the stoplight. The bed full of tools. A METAL LADDER on the roof.

Something LAUGHS, right in our ear. A dark chuckle.

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

We return to a REGULAR SHOT as--

The Old Man climbs the stairs to his building.

The stoplight changes color. The truck starts forward.

The kid spins his basketball on his finger.

Kenny pantomimes holding the girl's purse out of reach--

ANGLE ON THE GROCERY BAG. A jagged tear appears, like some invisible knife is slicing through the bag.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light changes his mind. Retrieves the Death Note from the garbage. Opens it to the rule page.

"RULE 3: IF THE CAUSE OF DEATH IS WRITTEN WITHIN THE NEXT 40 SECONDS, IT WILL HAPPEN AS SPECIFIED."

Light frowns. Unable to shake this bad feeling.

He returns to the window, just in time to see--

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The grocery bag rrrrrrrrrrips. Cans of CAT FOOD come clattering down the steps.

The basketball kid happens to be passing. Acting on instinct, he drops his ball, tries to catch the cans--

The basketball hits the curb, RICOCHETS sideways--

The ball bounces into the street. An oncoming STATION WAGON swerves to avoid it--

Right into the path of the Carpenter's truck. **CRUNCH.**

The unsecured ladder is HURLED FORWARD like a javelin--

On the curb, Kenny turns toward the impact--

And the ladder catches him right in the face.

We glimpse only a split-second of carnage--*think a big, fat pumpkin exploding*--before we SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light, in his bedroom. Staring out the window with a look of abject horror.

On the street below, we hear SCREAMS, cries of alarm. The steady BLARE of a car horn.

Light doesn't move. Doesn't even blink.

Suddenly the overhead lights flicker and die. Plunging the bedroom into DARKNESS.

STRANGE VOICE (O.S.)

Oops.

Light, startled, wheels around...

There's SOMETHING ELSE in the room with him. Moving from one shadow to the next, flowing like liquid mercury--

LIGHT

Who's there?

The darkness itself seems alive. Circling him.

LIGHT

WHO'S THERE?

Something seems to solidify in the corner of the room. A RAIL-THIN SHAPE, gaunt and unnatural.

Light warily steps closer. Raises his phone, using the FLASHLIGHT FEATURE to illuminate--

A DEMONIC FACE abruptly materializes out of the gloom! We catch a split-second glimpse of--

Dead yellow eyes. Alabaster skin. Batlike wings. A grinning mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth.

This is Ryuk.

LIGHT

Shit!

Light tumbles backwards, landing on his ass. His phone goes spinning away. He fumbles after it desperately--

Raises the phone with shaking hands--

But the demonic figure has vanished. Again we hear the FLUTTER OF WINGS as the shadows flow around him--

This is important: Ryuk is always moving, always darting and flowing from one shadow to the next. He appears to us as a series of almost impressionistic flashes, flashing teeth and glowing eyes. *A creature of constant menace.*

Light scrambles to his feet. He stares at the creature, shaken, terrified. At last he finds his voice.

LIGHT

What are you?

RYUK

A Shinigami. A Death God.

(beat)

We exist to record the names of humans and take their lives. That is our purpose.

LIGHT

Are you...here to kill me?

Those burning yellow eyes snap open in the darkness behind Light. A CURVED TALON lovingly brushes against his shoulder. Light whirls, but Ryuk is already gone.

RYUK
I'm here because *you* called me.

LIGHT
(realizing:)
The Death Note.

Light grabs the notebook, offers it to the creature.

LIGHT
Here. Take it!

RYUK
It doesn't work like that. I
dropped the book, and you picked
it up. That makes *you* the owner.

LIGHT
Why did you drop it?

RYUK
I was bored. And you looked like
someone with...potential.

LIGHT
Potential for what?

That Cheshire Cat grin appears in mid-air once more.
Teeth glinting like jagged blades.

RYUK
Fun.

Light drops the Death Note on the floor. Shakes his head.

LIGHT
No. I'm not a murderer.

RYUK
You sure about that?

LIGHT
That...that was an accident. I
didn't know!
(No response.)
I didn't know!

The overhead light sputters back to life. Light looks
around the empty bedroom. No sign of the Shinigami.

He glances out the window. An ambulance has arrived on
the scene. The street bathed in flashing CRIMSON LIGHT.

He turns back to the Death Note, still lying on the
floor. But now the book seems malevolent. Almost *alive*.

Light gazes at the cursed notebook, reeling, a DRONING STATIC BUZZ filling our ears--

He can't take it anymore. He HURLS the Death Note into the wastebasket, then stumbles away--

INT. LIGHT'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light bursts into the bathroom. He crashes to his knees beside the toilet and VOMITS, again and again.

He kneels there, shoulders heaving, breathing hard.

Wracked with guilt and horror over his actions.

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

The next day. Light stands at the street corner where Kenny was killed. A pathetic MEMORIAL SHRINE has been erected: a few candles and photographs. Nothing more.

Light gazes at the shrine, his expression haunted.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATER

Study period. Students gathered in tight clusters, whispering and trading gossip. Light sits alone in the back of the classroom, his expression numb.

RANDOM GUY #1
--said that his head was, like,
twisted all the way around--

RANDOM GIRL #1
That's fucking gross.

RANDOM GIRL #2
He probably just got blazed and
stepped into traffic--

RANDOM GUY #2
I heard it took him like an hour
to bleed out--

Light interrupts them, surprising even himself:

LIGHT
He died on the scene.
(They all stare.)
It, um...it happened on my street.

RANDOM GUY #1
You saw it?

LIGHT

Yeah.

RANDOM GUY #1

(nods, impressed)

Nice.

RANDOM GIRL #1

Shut up! It's horrible...

NAOMI--the girl Light was sketching earlier--has been eavesdropping on their conversation. Now she breaks in.

NAOMI

Why is that horrible?

RANDOM GIRL #1

Because he *died*, Naomi!

NAOMI

Lots of people die. That doesn't make it a fucking tragedy.

The other students have no response for that.

Light glances down at his notebook. He's been doodling PICTURES OF RYUK. Blazing eyes and sharklike teeth.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A trial is underway. And judging from the amount of spectators crammed into this courtroom, it's a big one.

James Turner sits in the back row, along with several other POLICE OFFICERS, all of them wearing dress blues.

The two LAWYERS approach the bench and argue with the JUDGE in hushed tones. Spectators crane forward, trying to figure out why proceedings have stalled.

Not James, though. He's currently staring daggers at ANTONY SKOMAL (early 20s). The dirtbag son of one of the city's most notorious mobsters.

JAMES TURNER

(muttering)

Something's wrong.

As if sensing James' distress, Skomal turns in his seat. Fixes the row of cops with his most winning smile.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Antony Skomal strolls out of the courthouse, a free man. He glides toward the throng of waiting reporters, arms spread, Christlike, basking in the attention.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Antony! / Over here! Antony! / Are you satisfied with the outcome?

SKOMAL'S LAWYER plants himself in front of the cameras.

SKOMAL'S LAWYER

What you're seeing here is proof
that the system still works.
Innocent until proven guilty.

In the back of the crowd we find James Turner. Looking ready to tear Antony's head off with his bare hands.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

The bell rings, and students funnel out of the school. Light is among them, just another face in the crowd.

EXT. CITY STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

Light trudges down the sidewalk, lost in thought.

Suddenly he hears it. That familiar FLUTTER of wings.

He stops short. The sound came from a nearby ALLEY.

Light frowns, peering into the darkness...

Something MOVES in the shadows, too quick to catch.

NAOMI (O.S.)

You really see it happen?

Light spins around, startled, to find Naomi smoking a cigarette on the curb.

LIGHT

Naomi. Hey.

NAOMI

Did you?

LIGHT

Yeah.

NAOMI

Was it bad?

(He nods.)

Good.

Satisfied, she continues on. Light hurries after her.

LIGHT

Not a fan of Kenny Doyle, huh?

NAOMI

You could say that.

LIGHT

Did you know him?

NAOMI

My sister did. They were Seniors together. The first time around.

LIGHT

What did he do?

NAOMI

Why do you care?

Because I killed him.

LIGHT

I'm just...you know. Curious.

She sighs. Keeps walking.

NAOMI

She was big, you know? Her whole life, she was big. And Kenny was one of the assholes who teased her right into an eating disorder. He was like their ringleader.

LIGHT

Ouch.

NAOMI

You know in cartoons, that tuba sound, when fat people walk? He would do that. Even when she was 90 pounds, and her teeth were all rotten, and her hair was falling out. He still made that sound.

LIGHT

Jesus. So what happened?

She stubs out her cigarette. Her voice bitter:

NAOMI

What happened is she ate a bottle of Oxy. Because of him. Because the bad guys always win.

LIGHT

Not always.

NAOMI

Oh yeah? When's the last time you took a look around?

She gestures angrily toward the BARS on every window. The DRUG DEALERS loitering in the park.

NAOMI

The world's full of guys like Kenny Doyle.

LIGHT

One less now.

She softens. Maybe she's seeing him for the first time.

NAOMI

Yeah. One less.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Light finds his mother in the kitchen, clearly upset.

He glances past her. James Turner sits in the darkened family room, silhouetted before the flickering TV.

LIGHT

Everything okay?

CARRIE

The judge threw out the case.

LIGHT

The Skomal case?

(She nods.)

How can they do that?

CARRIE

The witness refused to testify.
It's...God, it's such bullshit!

Carrie looks away, blinking back tears. Light glances again toward the family room. Toward his father.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James sits in the darkness, nursing a beer. Barely paying attention to the football game on TV. Light enters.

LIGHT

Hey, dad.
(sits down)
Who's playing?

JAMES TURNER

Detroit and KC.

The silence drags out. Light tries again.

LIGHT

Sorry about your case.

James grunts. Light says nothing. Just waits.

JAMES TURNER

You know seven people were there?
Seven people watched that piece of
shit shoot that girl--shoot her in
broad daylight--and not one of
them will take the stand.

LIGHT

So...what's the plan now?

JAMES TURNER

Plan? There is no plan.

LIGHT

You're just gonna let him go?

JAMES TURNER

Don't have a choice. We made our
case, did everything by the book,
and we still lost.

LIGHT

That's not fair.

James lets out a bitter, humorless laugh.

JAMES TURNER

That's life. Guys like Skomal,
they don't go to prison. It's like
telling a shark he's not allowed
to eat people. He's not even the
same *species*; why's he give a shit
about your rules? He's gonna eat
as much as he wants, and no one's
gonna stop him. That's just the
way it is.

Light absorbs this. His mind racing.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Light stands at his desk, chewing his lip, staring at the wastebasket. The corner of the DEATH NOTE peeking out.

Behind him, the shadows in the corner come alive.

A pair of PALE WHITE HANDS--*the fingers are monstrous, obscenely long*--slide over Light's shoulders.

Light whirls around. But the Shinigami is already gone.

Light finds his voice. The slightest tremor in his words:

LIGHT

I told you. I'm not a murderer.

Ryuk's mocking voice comes drifting out of the shadows:

RYUK (O.S.)

But Antony Skomal is. And sooner or later, he's going to hurt someone else. Maybe one of the cops who tried to put him away. Maybe even dear...old...dad.

Ryuk's grin splits the darkness.

RYUK

If only there was *sssssomething* you could do.

Light hesitates...then carefully lifts the black notebook out of the wastebasket. Turns to the first page.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

One of Chicago's upscale steakhouses. We glide through the restaurant. Our gaze is predatory, darting from one table to the next, scanning each face in turn.

Until finally we arrive at a corner booth, where a half-dozen GANGSTERS are celebrating the day's verdict. Antony Skomal has the seat of honor, laughing and holding court.

We drift closer toward Skomal. Closer. Closer.

Abruptly Skomal's smile fades. His gaze becomes distant.

Moving in a dreamlike stupor, he picks up a fat STEAK BONE from his plate. Opens wide. Down the hatch.

The GANGSTER next to him stares in disbelief.

GANGSTER #1
The hell you doing?

Antony doesn't answer. The steak bone is LODGED SIDEWAYS in his throat. His speaking days are now over.

He lurches to his feet, face reddening, arms pinwheeling.
Then collapses forward across the table.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

TIGHT on a page of the Death Note. On the words that Light Turner has just finished writing.

ANTONY SKOMAL -- CHOKES DURING DINNER.

Light sits back in his chair. Knowing there's no turning back now. Knowing nothing will ever be the same.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Light and his parents, eating breakfast in silence.

On the counter, James' cell phone CHIRPS. He stands to answer. Light eavesdrops as--

JAMES TURNER
Turner. Yeah.
(listens)
No. You're shitting me. When?

As James listens, a huge smile spreads across his face.

JAMES TURNER
Holy shit. Yeah, thanks. Okay.

James hangs up, still stunned, and turns to his wife.

JAMES TURNER
Antony Skomal choked on a steak
bone last night. He's dead.

Light holds his breath, watching his parents' reactions.

Carrie rises from her chair...and envelops James in a tight embrace. Her relief evident.

CARRIE
Thank God.

And Light smiles, too.

INT. SCHOOL COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Study period. Light is in the computer lab, researching SHINIGAMIS. Scrolling through pages of Japanese folklore.

We see crude illustrations of monstrous figures. Glowing eyes and flashing teeth. Creatures of pure legend.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Light is doing homework at the table. Carrie flips through channels on the TV. She stumbles across--

HELICOPTER FOOTAGE of a freeway chase in progress. A line of POLICE CARS pursuing an SUV. "**LIVE -- HIGH SPEED PURSUIT**" in bold at the bottom of the screen.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
...can now confirm that Emily is
in the vehicle with the kidnapper,
and she appears to be alive--

The camera ZOOMS IN. A small form lies securely bound in the backseat. A flash of brilliant blonde hair.

CARRIE
Oh, no.

A clatter of FOOTSTEPS from behind her. Carrie turns to find Light racing up the stairs, two at a time.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light locks the bedroom door. Turns on his TV, finds the freeway chase. They're now displaying a man's MUG SHOT.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)
Police have identified the
kidnapper as convicted sex
offender James Brode.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
--now it looks like the police are
actually falling back. They don't
want to spook him any more than--
Did you see that, Sean? He *almost*
hit that car!

Onscreen, the suspect's vehicle fishtails dangerously.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)
Wow. That was just...you can see
Brode's driving is becoming more
erratic.

(MORE)

MALE REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You know, at a time like this, you
just have to hope that Emily's
parents aren't watching.

The sound FADES OUT. Light gazing at the screen.

LIGHT

Shinigami.

Behind him, Ryuk materializes, blurry, out of focus.

RYUK

The name's Ryuk.

Light can't take his eyes off the news report.

LIGHT

Ryuk. What are the limits of the
Death Note?

RYUK

What do you mean, limits?

LIGHT

It says I can specify the manner
of death. I choose how they die.
Does that mean I can control them?

RYUK

Now you're getting it.

Light hesitates a moment longer, then grabs the Death
Note. He starts writing.

Ryuk drifts closer, peering over Light's shoulder.

RYUK

Heh, heh, heh...

Light finishes writing. Glances up at the clock.

LIGHT

Forty seconds, right?

No response. He looks around. Ryuk is already gone.

Back to the freeway chase. The seconds counting down.

**FX LETTERING: Rule 47: If he so chooses, the Death God
can influence--and even control--the events and actions
preceding the subject's death.**

Light closes his eyes, as the SOUND gradually returns--

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Wait. Okay, it looks like
he's...yes, he's slowing down.
Mike, are you seeing this?

HELICOPTER REPORTER (V.O.)

Uhh, yeah, we are. Not sure what's
going on, but he's definitely--

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

It looks like he's stopping.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

He's...okay, there he is! The
suspect is exiting the vehicle--

Light's eyes snap open.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Emily is still in the car--

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Where is he going?

Onscreen, the suspect's SUV has come to rest in the center of the freeway. As police cruisers surround the area, JAMES BRODE sprints toward the divider on foot.

On the other side of the divider, traffic continues to whiz past, a steady line of cars.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

He's running! Brode is running, it
looks like he's heading for--

The camera ZOOMS IN, just as Brode LEAPS the divider--

A SEMI TRUCK screams past, reducing Brode to a spray of red mist. It happens in the blink of an eye.

The news reporters react with horror. The camera pans away quickly, returning to Brode's SUV.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

He's down, suspect is down!

HELICOPTER REPORTER (V.O.)

Jesus Christ--

Light looks down at the Death Note in his lap. At the words scrawled in his neat handwriting:

"JAMES BRODE BRINGS HIS VEHICLE TO A SAFE STOP. HE EXITS THE CAR--WITHOUT HARMING THE GIRL!!!!--AND RUNS DIRECTLY INTO TRAFFIC. HE IS HIT BY A TRUCK AND DIES INSTANTLY."

There it is. Irrefutable proof of the Death Note's power.

LIGHT

Holy *shit*.

Onscreen, the helicopter racks focus as a POLICE OFFICER pulls a YOUNG CHILD from the back of the SUV. The girl wraps her arms around the officer's neck.

HELICOPTER REPORTER (V.O.)

And it looks like she's all right!
Emily is all right!

Light just sits there, stunned.

EXT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Light comes downstairs. His father stands in the kitchen, coffee in hand, watching the morning news.

Onscreen, a tearful MOTHER is clutching EMILY, the child who was rescued during yesterday's freeway pursuit.

EMILY'S MOTHER

--wasn't some accident; it was a
miracle! God passed judgement on
that man for what he did!

The REPORTER aims the microphone at Emily--

REPORTER

What do you think, Emily? Was God
watching out for you?

EMILY

(shyly)
Yeah.

James Turner shakes his head in wonder.

JAMES TURNER

Well, score one for God.

Light absorbs this. Basking in the moment.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Light strolls through the school, moving with a newfound confidence. He glides through the crowd, untouchable, aloof, a wolflike grin securely in place.

Light passes Naomi, shoots her a cocky grin. Naomi stares after him, surprised. Perhaps even a little intrigued.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATER

Light sits in the back of the class, the rest of the world moving in a TIME-LAPSE BLUR around him.

He's staring intently at something offscreen...

Behind the teacher, the door to the supply closet stands half-closed. The interior is dark, cloaked in shadow.

But there's SOMETHING MOVING in those shadows. Something with cold yellow eyes that burn like lanterns.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Light enters the deserted boy's locker room. He hits the lights, plunging the room into DARKNESS.

Waits.

LIGHT

Ryuk. I know you're here.

A rustle, a flicker of movement. Ryuk's low chuckle.

RYUK (O.S.)

Heh, heh, heh...

Light jumps slightly. This creature still unnerves him.

LIGHT

Why are you following me?

(No answer.)

Someone's going to see you!

In response, the shower heads COME TO LIFE, spraying hot water. Light cautiously heads toward the showers. The room already filling with STEAM.

LIGHT

Unless...no one else can see you,
can they?

A GAUNT SILHOUETTE moves through the steam ahead of him.

RYUK

Just you.

LIGHT

Why?

Without warning, Ryuk's monstrous face breaks through the wall of steam! Light jumps back, startled.

RYUK
Because those are the fucking
rules!

Just as quickly, the monster vanishes back into the mist.

RYUK (O.S.)
Only those who are touching the
Death Note can see the Shinigami.

LIGHT
I left the book at home.

Ryuk's mocking laughter seems to circle Light.

RYUK (O.S.)
Doesn't matter, doesn't matter!
You are the owner now. It belongs
to you. And so do I.
(beat)
The only question is...what are
you going to do with us?

Light is silent for a beat, considering the question.

LIGHT
Maybe *this* is what I've been
waiting for. What I'm supposed to
do. To use the Death Note
for...for something good.

Light paces, eyes alight, his excitement growing.

LIGHT
(to himself)
Holy shit. I could do this. I
could really do it.

He looks up at Ryuk, a dazed grin on his face.

LIGHT
I'm gonna save the fucking world.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Over the opening chords of a CHEERFUL (AND THEREFORE
TOTALLY INAPPROPRIATE) POP SONG:

Light fires up his laptop. Opens the Death Note.

He's using a TOR BROWSER to anonymously surf the net.
More specifically: the FBI's MOST WANTED WEBSITE. The
most dangerous criminals in the world. Rapists,
murderers, arms dealers, international terrorists.

Light picks up a pen, CLICKS it open...and we--

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF ESTABLISHING SHOTS

--A MILITARY DICTATOR, giving a PRESS CONFERENCE...

--An overweight MAFIA DON, relaxing in a ROOFTOP HOT TUB with a trio of half-naked BIMBOS...

--A group of NEO-NAZI SURVIVALIST NUTS, checking a shipment of illegal assault rifles...

--A EUROPEAN HITMAN, assembling a SNIPER RIFLE on a roof, the cathedrals of ROME rising in the background...

--CONVICTED PRISON INMATES, fast asleep on Death Row...

--A group of POACHERS, loading IVORY TUSKS into the back of a Jeep. The out-of-focus body of a dead AFRICAN ELEPHANT faintly visible in the background...

--A TALIBAN TERROR CELL, plotting in an UNDERGROUND CAVE, somewhere in the mountains of Afghanistan...

None of them notice the FAMILIAR, OMINOUS SHADOW hovering in the background of each shot. But we do.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BACK TO LIGHT, writing methodically in the Death Note.

He checks international "Most Wanted" Lists. Interpol, Amnesty International, death row databases...

And as the CHEERFUL POP SONG reaches its crescendo, we--

CUT TO:

THE SECOND HALF OF OUR MONTAGE

--A drop of BIRDSHIT splatters against the Hitman's shoulder; he looks around in annoyance.

--THE TALIBAN LEADER interrupts the briefing by reaching across the table, picking up one of the LIVE GRENADES, and calmly pulling the pin. The others react with horror.

TALIBAN SOLDIER
<WHAT ARE YOU DOING?>

The Taliban Leader is busy stuffing the grenade into his mouth. He manages a confused, terrified shrug.

The others dive for cover. **BOOM.** Chunky bits of the Taliban Leader splash against the walls of the cave.

--Meanwhile, the Military Dictator pitches over in the middle of his press conference, clutching his heart.

--A rogue PIGEON flies at the Hitman's face, wings beating, pecking madly. He swats at the bird, surprised.

--The Mafia Don rises from the hot tub, water dripping. The Bimbos watch, confused, as he climbs the railing...

--We TRACK ALONG Death Row. The inmates now dead in their cells. Legs dangling from the ceiling, heads twisted all the way around, blood splashed across the wall. We reach the final cell, where RYUK is perched atop one of the bunk beds, a leering gargoyle.

--Back in Rome, the Hitman is now encased in a SWIRLING CLOUD OF ANGRY PIGEONS. He pitches over the side of the building. The birds chase him all the way down.

--The Neo-Nazi Survivalists turn on one another, everyone grabbing an assault rifle and spraying their neighbor. Ryuk hovers amidst the carnage, watching, pleased.

--A massive AFRICAN ELEPHANT rampages through the poachers' base camp. Two of the poachers are already IMPALED upon its tusks.

--The Mafia Don closes his eyes, smiles peacefully. Then performs a perfect SWAN DIVE off the side of the skyscraper. The camera FOLLOWS HIM as he plummets toward the ground, CUTTING AWAY AT THE LAST SECOND--

THE MONTAGE ENDS AS--

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light collapses backwards onto his bed, face flushed, hair damp with sweat. Gazing directly into the camera.

Slowly, a smile spreads across his face.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN.

Gradually, the sound fades in. VOICES. News anchors, politicians, talk show hosts, political pundits.

All of them discussing Light's handiwork. Some call it an epidemic. Others a plague sent by God Himself.

Images appear. TELEVISION NEWS REPORTS and TALK SHOWS.

TALKING HEAD #1

--want to explain to me how
someone can *murder* someone on the
other side of the world--

RELIGIOUS PUNDIT #1

--what you're describing isn't
murder. It's *divine intervention*--

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Six death row inmates on six
different continents were found
dead in their cells. Each victim
left behind the same message,
written in perfect Japanese.

HANDHELD FOOTAGE of VARIOUS PRISON CELLS. On each wall is
an identical phrase written in dried blood.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

--It reads "*Lord Kira has returned
to punish the wicked.*" Although
none of the victims actually spoke
Japanese, and authorities are at a
loss to explain how--

A crowd of onlookers watch as a man hurls himself from
the top of a building--

TALKING HEAD #2

We now have a name for the
individual claiming responsibility
for the recent spate of mysterious
deaths. "Lord Kira."

DRUNK FRAT GUY

(yelling into camera)
Yo, Kira, you're the man! Keep
doing what you're doing, bro!

CONSPIRACY NUT

--the government's been working on
remote killing for years now. Ever
hear of the Montauk Project?

COURTROOM FOOTAGE. The Defendant on trial stands
suddenly, grips his own chin with both hands, and
violently wrenches his head sideways, SNAPPING his neck.

SCIENTIST #1

--in the scientific community, we
call this *epidemic hysteria*--

BILL MAHER

You want a sign from God, how
about *Thou shall not kill*? That
was a pretty good sign, right?

MASS PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS. Kira worshippers prostrating
themselves on the grass. Begging for mercy.

NEWS ANCHOR #2

A new Gallup poll suggests that 48
percent of Americans now believe
in the existence of Kira--

One thing is for certain: the entire world is watching.

Slowly, JAGGED WHITE LETTERS swim into view:

14 MONTHS LATER

INT. MYSTERIOUS ROOM - NIGHT

A darkened room, lit only by a towering wall of LCD
SCREENS. Each one displaying a different NEWS REPORT.

A LONE FIGURE sits on a stool before the monitor bank,
seen only in silhouette, his knees drawn up to his chin.
Watching every feed at once.

This is L.

ANGLE ON ONE PARTICULAR CHANNEL. The graphic on the
bottom of the screen reads **WHO IS KIRA?**

We're TIGHT on L's eyes, flickering back and forth,
moving from one screen to the next.

His long fingers drumming impatiently against the desk.

The news continues. Endless debates. Rumors of copycat
killings. A death toll that continues to rise.

Slowly, the man reaches out. Presses a single button.

The screens go dark. The silence is deafening.

L picks up a phone. Speaks quietly into the receiver.

L

I'm ready.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

We follow James Turner through the Chicago P.D.'s chaotic
bullpen.

No one greets the Deputy Chief. Everywhere we look we see unfriendly faces, angry glares, murmured insults. He's a pariah inside his own department.

He reaches a door marked SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS, starts to unlock it. Realizes the door is already unlocked.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Turner lets the door swing open. Surveys the damage.

Someone has TRASHED his office. Photos and case files scattered everywhere. The word **TRAITOR** scrawled in magic marker across the whiteboard.

And now we realize something else: James Turner--Light's own father--is the man assigned by the Chicago Police Department to apprehend the criminal known as Kira.

Turner sighs, glances back. No one in the bullpen dares to meet his gaze. But they're all watching.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - SHORT TIME LATER

James Turner is on his hands and knees, sorting through the scattered files, when his desk phone RINGS.

JAMES TURNER

This is Turner.

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN--

INT. INTERPOL NATIONAL CENTRAL BUREAU - CONTINUOUS

The National Central Bureau for the UK branch of Interpol. WILLIAM BAGLEY--a heavysset man with an honest face and a shock of ginger hair--is the caller.

FX: INTERPOL National Central Bureau, Manchester

BAGLEY

So they've got you answering phones now? Sounds about right.

James grins. These two are clearly old friends.

JAMES TURNER

Bill Bagley. You calling to see how a real country works? 'Cause I can give you a few tips.

BAGLEY

Calling with a bit of an odd request, actually. I heard a rumor you're the poor bastard they've got running their Kira task force.

JAMES TURNER

Only the local branch. We still answer to the feds.

BAGLEY

I'm curious: what's the mood like over there?

James glances at the word TRAITOR on the whiteboard.

JAMES TURNER

(dryly)
Oh, I'm real popular.

BAGLEY

I can imagine. I'm convinced half the lads here are secretly rooting for Kira.

JAMES TURNER

My guys are ready to throw him a fucking parade. You know we've actually got criminals turning themselves in now? Just walking in off the street.

BAGLEY

So no leads, I take it?

James rifles through a stack of CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. Hundreds of DEAD CRIMINALS, all courtesy of Kira.

JAMES TURNER

You know how many people die in your average day? And every one's a potential vic. Aunt Ruthie takes a tumble down the stairs, next thing you know, we got her nephew calling the tip line. Like Kira's finished knocking off criminals and now he's going after the Denny's crowd.

BAGLEY

How do you think he's doing it?

James shakes his head; he doesn't have a clue.

JAMES TURNER

I don't even know if it *is* a "he."
Half the time it feels like we're
chasing the goddamn devil.

(quieter)

We're not gonna catch him, Billy.

BAGLEY

Then why chase him at all?

JAMES TURNER

Because it's murder.

Bagley looks pleased. It's the answer he was hoping for.

BAGLEY

I've been asked to facilitate a
meeting. Off the record. He's not
one of ours, doesn't answer to
anyone...but he's offered to help,
and I think you should let him.

(beat)

His name is L.

Turner stops short. That's a name he clearly recognizes.

JAMES TURNER

You're telling me L is *real*? I
thought it was like a pseudonym.

BAGLEY

He's real enough. Remember that
string of robberies we had last
year? High Street Bank?

JAMES TURNER

You caught the guy, right?

BAGLEY

L caught him. We just took the
credit. I should warn you, James,
he's a bit...well, he's fucking
weird, is what he is. But he gets
the job done.

JAMES TURNER

Hey, sold. When can I meet him?

BAGLEY

Right now.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

James emerges from the building. Scans the courtyard.
Still wondering if this is some sort of weird prank.

He heads toward the MARBLE FOUNTAIN in the center of the courtyard. An elderly JAPANESE MAN sits on the concrete barrier, holding a closed laptop. This is WATARI.

Turner approaches the old man, hesitant, a bit awkward.

JAMES TURNER

L...?

Slowly, Watari shakes his head. Then he takes a key from around his neck and unlocks the laptop. Opens it. On the otherwise empty screen, A SYMBOL APPEARS:

L

A VOICE from the speakers. Purposely distorted. Creepy.

L (V.O.)

Deputy Chief Turner.

JAMES TURNER

What is this?

L (V.O.)

A one-time offer. I would like to join your task force, and assist in the capture of Kira.

JAMES TURNER

Lemme ask you something. Why come to me? Every police department in every city in the world has got a task force with better funding, more resources. FBI, CIA, they've got hundreds of guys on this! We've got nothing.

L (V.O.)

I've already shared information with Interpol and the FBI, with limited success. And I believe you have something they do not.

JAMES TURNER

What's that?

L (V.O.)

Proximity. The FBI is operating on the belief that Kira is based out of Japan. I think they're wrong.

(beat)

He's here. In Chicago. Right now.

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Light sits on the steps of his apartment building. He's now a freshman in college, dashing and confident.

He's gazing at the park across the street. Once it was filled with junkies and gangbangers. Now the park is clean, well-maintained, and filled with happy children.

He shoulders his bookbag and starts walking.

The neighborhood has undergone a stunning transformation.
No graffiti on the buildings. No trash in the street.

Light passes a CHURCH. There's a line of churchgoers waiting to enter. The sign out front simply reads **REPENT**.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Light rides the crowded subway.

He scans the people around him. People checking their phones, tablets, newspapers. Reading about Kira.

The train rumbles through a tunnel, creating a STROBE EFFECT, flashes of light and shadow. In those split-second moments of darkness, we glimpse a tall, wraithlike figure hovering beside Light. The Shinigami.

EXT. CHICAGO STATE CAMPUS - MORNING

Light strolls across the campus. Ahead the crowd parts and he spots NAOMI. Even more beautiful than we remember.

Light pauses beside her, gives her a puzzled look.

LIGHT

Sorry, but you look *really*
familiar. Do I know you?

NAOMI

I don't think so.

LIGHT

No, no, I *do*. We had Japanese,
third period. I know you. Starts
with an N. Nicole...? Noel?

(gets it)

Naomi.

She gives him a withering, dismissive look.

NAOMI

Could you not bother me? I'm waiting for my boyfriend.

LIGHT

Yeah? Maybe I should hang around, kick his ass when he shows up.

NAOMI

Good luck. He's pretty tough.

Light grabs her belt loops, drags her closer.

LIGHT

I bet I can take him.

NAOMI

You are such a dork.

She wraps her arms around him. Kisses him.

EXT. CHICAGO STATE CAMPUS - SHORT TIME LATER

Light and Naomi have claimed a spot on the Quad. They're both sprawled across a faded blanket. She's attempting to toss pieces of POPCORN into his mouth.

She makes a bad throw. The popcorn ricochets off his forehead. Light laughs.

LIGHT

You are awful at this.

NAOMI

Quit moving.

LIGHT

Like this is my fault...?

She shushes him. Takes aim again. Light catches the popcorn in his mouth. She makes a SWISH gesture.

NAOMI

G.O.A.T.

Behind them, a group of students sit down in the grass, forming a large PRAYER CIRCLE. They bow their heads.

NAOMI

Here come the *sheeple*.

LIGHT

I think it's nice.

NAOMI

How is that nice?

LIGHT

It's like they're...making a pledge. To lead a virtuous life.

NAOMI

It's groveling. *Look, Kira, I'm on your side. Please don't kill me.*

(another bad throw)

If you were Kira...if you had the power to kill anyone in the world...would you use it?

LIGHT

Are you kidding me? I'd never stop using it.

Naomi rolls her eyes. Flings another piece of popcorn.

NAOMI

God, you sound like my Dad. Why is everyone suddenly okay with some random stranger deciding whether you live or die?

LIGHT

I mean, I'm not pro-murder or anything. But you've gotta admit, he gets results. Look at the crime rate. Look at the Middle East!

NAOMI

So, what, let's just terrify the population into being good people? That's the plan?

LIGHT

You weren't complaining when it was Kenny Doyle.

Naomi frowns, puzzled.

NAOMI

That was an *accident*.

LIGHT

Yeah, I know, but that's my point! Some people just...have it coming.

NAOMI

Yeah, and some people get wrongfully imprisoned because of some bullshit piece of evidence.

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

What about all the guys on death row who didn't do it?

LIGHT

What about them?

NAOMI

They're proof the system doesn't work! You really think every single person that Kira has killed has been guilty? You think he hasn't made a few mistakes by now?

These are questions Light would prefer not to consider.

LIGHT

Even if he has...that's still a deterrent to other criminals.

NAOMI

Yeah, and in some places, they chop off your hands for shoplifting. That's a deterrent, too. It doesn't make it right.

Light has heard enough. He rolls on top of her, pins her to the ground. Their lips only inches apart.

LIGHT

Why are we even talking about this? *I'm* not a criminal. I'm at least...70% sure that you're not.

(She laughs.)

So who gives a shit about Kira?

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Light enters his bedroom, locks the door behind him.

A DARK SHADOW flows across the ceiling above him.

RYUK (O.S.)

Well...?

LIGHT

Settle down. I got 'em.

Light absently drops a bag of APPLES onto his bed.

A spindly hand with long white fingers reaches down from the ceiling and snags an apple. We hear a CRUNCH.

Light takes a seat at his desk. Opens the top drawer. It's empty. He fishes around inside the desk--

And removes a fake wooden backing. The DEATH NOTE is securely hidden inside this secret compartment.

Light opens the notebook. Fires up his computer, pulling up a list of potential targets--

He absently pages through the Death Note. Every page is filled with dozens of entries. Hundreds of victims.

Light has been a busy boy.

His phone DINGS. Light checks it. Sees a GOOGLE NEWS ALERT. Something about Kira. About a press conference.

Frowning, Light turns on the television--

A LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE is preparing to begin. Beneath the empty podium, a network graphic reads: **CHICAGO POLICE ANNOUNCE FORMATION OF "KIRA" TASK FORCE.**

Slowly, a figure steps into view behind the podium.

The MAN is tall, rail thin,. He wears a KABUKI MASK that covers the upper half of his face.

His voice is quiet, thoughtful...but also surprisingly youthful. For the first time, we realize that L is *young*. Perhaps not much older than Light himself.

L

Thank you for coming. I'll keep this short. My name is L.

LIGHT

L...?

L

As I'm sure you're aware, the individual known as "Kira" has taken credit for more than four hundred deaths. Tonight I'd like to share what we've learned.

Ryuk drifts closer, intrigued.

RYUK

Hey Light, you're famous.

LIGHT

Shut up.

L

First, we still don't know how he kills his victims. But we *do* know how he chooses them.

(MORE)

L (CONT'D)

In the weeks leading up to their deaths, all of his victims had their identities released by the media. Which means Kira is not some omnipotent force. He's a person, like you or me.

Light's expression darkens. *He's giving away his secrets!*

LIGHT

No, no, no, no, no!

L

I can tell you something else about Kira. He's a coward. He attacks his enemies from a distance, at no risk to himself. He's a child, wielding power he can't possibly hope to understand, and he doesn't even feel the noose tightening around his neck yet.

Light paces his room like a feral animal, enraged.

LIGHT

You're ruining everything!

L

Kira, if you're listening to this: I'm going to find you. I'm going to make you pay for the things you've done.

(a sly pause)

Unless you'd like to kill me right now...?

Light seethes. Ryuk laughs, delighted.

RYUK

Now I'm rooting for *this* guy!

After a satisfied pause, L continues speaking:

L (O.S.)

That's what I thought. In that case, I'll be seeing you shortly.

The broadcast goes dark. Light hurls the television remote against the wall, shattering it.

LIGHT

Goddamn it!

(sees Ryuk's grin)

What, you think this is funny?
Whose side are you on?

Once again, AN EXCERPT FROM THE DEATH NOTE appears onscreen. *The same ominous warning we saw in the margins of the book. No doubt placed there by a former owner.*

FX LETTERING: *"Don't trust the Shinigami."*

The shadows swirl around Light, surrounding him.

RYUK

Mmmmmmine.

Light looks around the room, breathing hard. His gaze falls on the Death Note. And a new thought strikes him.

LIGHT

Yeah? And what if I wrote *your* name in that book?

From somewhere within the shadows, the creature CHUCKLES.

FX LETTERING: *"He is not your pet."*

RYUK

Go ahead. But I should warn you.
There are four letters in my name.

Suddenly Ryuk's leering, monstrous face appears right over Light's shoulder, whispering in his ear:

RYUK

The most anyone's ever gotten down
were two.

Light jumps, startled. But the creature has already vanished back into the nothingness.

RYUK (O.S.)

Heh, heh, heh...

FX LETTERING: *"He is not your friend."*

Light sinks onto his bed, head in his hands. *What the hell has he gotten himself into?*

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE SITE - SAME TIME

James Turner storms backstage. Where he finds L sitting patiently in the corner, still wearing his Kabuki mask.

JAMES TURNER

You wanna tell me what that was?

L

A calculated risk.

JAMES TURNER

Are you trying to piss him off?

L

It's my theory that Kira cannot kill by sight alone. He needs a name *and* a face. Every victim we've seen fits this pattern.

JAMES TURNER

So you antagonize him on purpose--

L

While withholding my name and face from record.

JAMES TURNER

What if you were wrong?

L

Then I'd be dead, and you would have gained a valuable clue. Either way, we still win.

James Turner absorbs this. Impressed despite himself.

JAMES TURNER

You honestly think you're gonna catch this guy.

L

I'm about to stake my life on it, Detective.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Turner family has gathered around the dinner table. James picks at his food, stewing over the day's events.

CARRIE

Bad day?

James shrugs, noncommittal, takes another bite of food.

LIGHT

He doesn't want to talk about it, Mom.

CARRIE

Talk about what...?

LIGHT

The press conference.

(to his father)

That *was* you, wasn't it?

Carrie looks confused. James glares at his son.

JAMES TURNER

What makes you say that?

LIGHT

Well, you are part of the Kira Task Force, aren't you? I mean, the late hours, the case files you bring home...I just assumed.

CARRIE

What's he talking about?

James chews in silence for a beat. Won't meet her gaze.

JAMES TURNER

I was going to tell you.

CARRIE

No. James, no--

JAMES TURNER

Someone has to do it--

CARRIE

Why does that someone have to be you? You have a family!

JAMES TURNER

You think I don't know that?

CARRIE

I don't know what you're thinking! What if this...*Kira*, what if he finds out you're looking for him?

JAMES TURNER

That's not going to happen--

CARRIE

What if he kills you?

JAMES TURNER

That's not. Going. To happen.

Carrie stands abruptly, tears in her eyes. She storms out of the room. Her footsteps echo on the stairs.

JAMES TURNER

Carrie!

No response. James seems to deflate, sagging in his chair, aging before our eyes.

LIGHT

I dunno. I think what you're doing
is really brave.

JAMES TURNER

Yeah?

LIGHT

Yeah. You're the cop. He's the bad
guy. That's the job, right?

James gives his son a small, appreciative smile.

JAMES TURNER

Yeah. That's the job.

James stands, moves to the fridge. Gets himself another
beer. Thinks for a moment. Grabs a second bottle.

He returns to the table. Slides a beer toward Light.

LIGHT

Seriously...?

JAMES TURNER

Every dad should have one drink
with his kid. Just don't go
telling her. I'm in enough trouble
as it is.

Light takes a sip. Keeping his tone casual:

LIGHT

So all that stuff on TV, that
wasn't, like...a hoax?

JAMES TURNER

I wish.

LIGHT

So what's the story with this L?

JAMES TURNER

I have no idea. Guy never takes
off his mask.

LIGHT

But you know who he is, right?

JAMES TURNER

Nope.

The worst possible news. Light hadn't counted on this.

LIGHT

Dad. What if L is Kira?

JAMES TURNER
He's helping us catch Kira.

LIGHT
Yeah, or he's trying to gain your
trust. Find out how much you know.

James considers this, then shakes his head.

JAMES TURNER
Bill Bagley--you remember Billy,
stayed with us a couple years back
--he vouched for L, said he's
helped them out in the past. He's
some kind of genius, apparently.

Light absorbs this. More bad news.

LIGHT
What's going to happen to Kira
when you catch him?

JAMES TURNER
What do you think? Fucking guy's
killed hundreds of people. He's
gonna ride the lightning.
(raises his bottle)
I just hope I'm the one who gets
to throw the switch.

Light returns the toast, managing a small, phony smile.

LIGHT
Here's hoping.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We TRACK BEHIND a tall, thin figure as he weaves his way
through the police bullpen.

Slowly, the other cops begin to notice this new arrival.
The room goes silent. Everyone staring.

This guy is evidently a legend--and a minor celebrity--in
law enforcement circles. They've all been expecting him.

We ROTATE AROUND the figure...revealing L. Half of his
face still hidden behind that eerie white KABUKI MASK.

SUPERINTENDENT DOUG WALLACE (60s) emerges from his office
and extends an eager hand as L approaches.

WALLACE

Doug Wallace. We've been, ah,
informed of your arrival, and I
have to say, we're all pretty big
fans of your--

But L wordlessly strides right past Wallace. Pushes into
the Task Force room, closes the door behind him.

Wallace glares around the bullpen, his face reddening.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

L finds James Turner behind his desk, sifting through
paperwork. James blinks in surprise.

L

Detective Turner.

JAMES TURNER

Nice mask.

L

Yes, well. I find I'm not in a
very trusting mood these days.

James watches as L circles the room, examining the
evidence wall. He moves with a birdlike energy, bobbing
his head slightly, a bundle of twitchy nerves.

JAMES TURNER

How old are you?

L

Old enough.

(He reaches the end.)

This is fine work. You and your
men should be proud.

JAMES TURNER

My "men" asked to be reassigned to
another division.

L

"The world has no room for
cowards." Stevenson. Fuck them.

James grins at this. He's starting to like this kid.

L turns back to the board, his expression pensive.

L

This is fine work. Two things.

L points to the photos at the beginning of the timeline.
The Military Dictator. The Terrorist Leader.

L

April 16th. Zero day. Kira's first recorded murders.

(moves his hand back)

One day earlier, April 15th. James Brode kidnaps seven-year-old Emily Morgan and leads police on a high speed chase. Halfway through the chase, he abandons his vehicle and, for no apparent reason, walks headfirst into oncoming traffic.

JAMES TURNER

Holy shit. Yeah, I remember that.

L

That was Kira's first killing. And it was only broadcast locally. Right here in Chicago.

JAMES TURNER

That's how you knew he was here.

L nods, moves to the whiteboard. A RUNNING TALLY of both confirmed and suspected victims.

L

And here. 468 confirmed fatalities. Another 784 suspected.

(taps the "468")

This number is incorrect. He's at an even 471. July 29th. Ronald Harkness and Dominic Fietti. Suspects in the abduction and murder of Shelia Wan, 23.

JAMES TURNER

No, no, Harkness and Fietti, they got in a fight, shot each other.

L

And before that, they drove to the nearest sporting goods store, where they pooled their money to purchase a single box of ammunition. I've watched the security tapes. They then returned home, loaded a single bullet into each gun, and shot each other in the face at point blank range.

JAMES TURNER
(thinks it over)
Except their names and faces were
never made public.

L
Exactly. Which means the killer
has access to your internal files.

JAMES TURNER
You think Kira is a *cop*?

L
Either him, or someone in his
immediate family.
(glances at Turner)
That's how he's been able to stay
one step ahead. He's been watching
you, Detective.

James tries to process this. The implications are severe.

JAMES TURNER
If that's true...it means I'm a
suspect, too.
(L nods slightly.)
My men? My family?

L
If it's any consolation, I've
already reached out to my contacts
to begin the process of clearing
key personnel.

JAMES TURNER
How?

L doesn't answer. His face hidden behind that creepy,
featureless Kabuki mask.

EXT. CHICAGO STATE CAMPUS - DAY

Light and Naomi cross the campus. He's distracted, a
million miles away. Naomi studies him, worried.

LIGHT
What?

NAOMI
Dude. Come on. Like I can't tell
when something's wrong? You may
think you're all Mr. Mysterious
and shit, but I can see right
through you.

LIGHT

(amused)
Is that right?

She nods primly.

NAOMI

Plus, you suck at keeping secrets.

LIGHT

I do not!

NAOMI

Ask me a question.

LIGHT

Okay. All right. What am I getting you for your birthday?

NAOMI

Birthstone earrings.

LIGHT

(can't believe it)
Are you fucking kidding me?

Grinning, she walks backwards in front of him.

NAOMI

I'm just saying. It's fine if you don't want to talk. I mean, it's not like I tell you everything.

She stops, takes his hands. Suddenly sincere.

NAOMI

But. *If* something's wrong...and *if* you wanna talk about it...I'm here. You know you can tell me anything, right?

Light is unexpectedly touched by her support. He opens his mouth. Maybe he's about to thank her. Maybe he's about to confess everything. We'll never know, because...

Over her shoulder, he notices RYUK. The Shinigami sits frozen atop one of the library's STONE LIONS. The creature ignores Light, staring into the distance.

Light drags his gaze back to Naomi. Forces a smile.

LIGHT

How did I get so lucky?

NAOMI

I just got serious girlfriend
points, right? I mean, come on.

LIGHT

You have no idea.

He kisses her. Then GROANS, like he just remembered...

LIGHT

Shit. You know what, I totally
forgot to hand in my chem notes.

NAOMI

Go. It's fine.

LIGHT

Meet you after class?

NAOMI

Go!

Smiling, she heads off. Light returns to the gargoyle.
Ryuk is still there, motionless. Light covers his mouth
so people won't see him talking to thin air.

LIGHT

What are you doing?

Ryuk doesn't respond. Light follows the creature's gaze--

Directly across the quad stands an ATHLETIC GUY wearing
sunglasses. Just a little too old to be loitering on a
college campus. He sees Light and quickly looks away.

Light looks at Ryuk. Is the creature trying to warn him?

LIGHT

Who is that?

(Nothing.)

Is that guy following me?

Slowly, Ryuk's head swivels around. He gazes down at
Light with devilish, undisguised glee.

LIGHT

How long?

RYUK

The last two days.

Light risks another glance. The Athletic Guy is still
there. Still not looking in Light's direction.

Light quickly jogs up the steps, enters the LIBRARY--

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Light moves between the stacks. Whips out his phone.

LIGHT
(into phone)
Dad?

WE INTERCUT WITH--

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

A departmental briefing on Kira. L sits silently in the corner, knees drawn to his chest, missing nothing.

James steps into the hallway to take the call.

JAMES TURNER
I'm in the middle of something--

LIGHT
Yeah, okay, but there's this weird
guy on campus, and I think he's
following me. I'm not really sure
what to do.

Light peers between the books. Sees that Athletic Guy has entered the library. Scanning the room for Light.

JAMES TURNER
Are you all right?

LIGHT
Yeah, I'm fine, I'm just a little
freaked out. He looks like a cop.

James closes his eyes. He was afraid of this.

JAMES TURNER
Look, it's...nothing you need to
worry about.

LIGHT
Am I in trouble?

JAMES TURNER
No.

LIGHT
Are you in trouble?

James looks up. Sees L watching him through the window.

James forces a friendly nod. *Everything's fine.* He turns his back to the glass.

JAMES TURNER

It's just a departmental thing.
Like a...a training exercise.

LIGHT

But why are they following *me*?

JAMES TURNER

They're not, they're following everyone. There's a whole team working together, and it's just...look, I promise you, it's nothing to worry about. All right?

LIGHT

Okay. Thanks, Dad.

Light hangs up. His eyes blazing with anger.

These clowns have no clue who they're fucking with.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Light walks home from school. In the shop windows, he catches the reflection of ANOTHER AGENT, casually shadowing him from across the street. Light walks faster.

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE (DOWNTOWN CHICAGO) - SUNSET

Nestled among skyscrapers, a romantic stone and steel bascule BRIDGE spans the Chicago River. (NOTE: Imagine a kind of double drawbridge where both sides angle up to let water traffic pass below.)

Light and Naomi stroll across the bridge, hand in hand.

The sun dips low on the horizon, bathing the sky in hues of purple and orange. Naomi climbs onto the railing to admire the view, hooking her knees through the bars.

NAOMI

Thank you, air pollution.

She glances down at Light. He's barely paying attention.

NAOMI

You all right? You seem a little--

LIGHT

A little what?

NAOMI

I don't know. Different.

Over Naomi's shoulder, Light spots the same ATHLETIC GUY he saw on campus. He's ambling along the far walkway, keeping an eye on them. Naomi follow's Light's gaze.

NAOMI

Why do you keep looking over there? Is that guy following you?

LIGHT

Never seen him before. Come on.

He keeps walking. Naomi frowns after him, concerned.

Light is hiding something.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

James sifts through Kira case files. L paces the room like a cat, eyes roving, never still.

L plucks a PHOTO off James's desk. It shows James and a 10-YEAR-OLD LIGHT on a fishing trip. Light is holding up a scrawny catfish. James has an arm slung around the boy's shoulders. Both of them grinning broadly.

L

Your son?

JAMES TURNER

Light.

L

Unusual name.

JAMES TURNER

Yeah. For the record, my vote was for "Danny."

L

What's he like?

JAMES TURNER

Smart. God, he's smart. I swear, he gets going and half the time I don't have a friggin' clue what he's even talking about.

(casually)

But that's not what you're asking. Is it?

L

No. It's not.

James stares at the detective for a measured beat.

JAMES TURNER

Lemme tell you a story. Few years ago, we were out walking, and we found a squirrel, a baby squirrel, just a couple weeks old. Must have fallen out of its tree. And this thing, it had a shattered pelvis, multiple fractures, half-dead. The vet, he takes one look and tells us to put him back where we found him. Said *sometimes the universe makes the decision for you*. You know what Light did?

L

He took it home.

JAMES TURNER

For three months. Getting up five, six times a night. Other kids his age, they're out drinking, they're on dates. He's sitting at home with a heat lamp and a dropper full of Pedialyte, trying to nurse this...this useless little scrap of a thing back to life. You wind up with a kid like that, as a parent? I figure that's how you know you did something right.

James's voice remains composed, but there's no hiding the anger flashing in his eyes.

JAMES TURNER

So. If you're asking me, do I think my son is capable of...of something like this--

(gestures to the
evidence board)

...then my answer's no. I do not.

L is silent for a moment.

L

What happened to the squirrel?

JAMES TURNER

It died in the night. Some kind of bacterial infection.

(shrugs)

What are you gonna do? It's a squirrel.

INT. CAMPUS STUDENT UNION - DAY

Light grabs a burger from the Student Union cafeteria. As he exits, he passes a group of students clustered around a television, watching a LIVE NEWS REPORT.

It's HELICOPTER FOOTAGE of a police standoff. Armed units surrounding a 24-HOUR LAUNDROMAT. The onscreen graphic reads HOSTAGE CRISIS IN FT. LAUDERDALE.

THE SOUND DROPS OUT, leaving us in DREAMLIKE SILENCE as--

The screen flashes a mugshot of the hostage taker. RONALD RAY DALE. A name and a face. That's all Light needs.

He opens his bookbag. Revealing the DEATH NOTE.

Light glances over his shoulder...and sees one of the PLAINCLOTHES AGENTS watching him from across the Union.

Onscreen, Ronald Ray Dale drags a hostage toward the window, a gun pressed to the man's head. He's screaming defiantly at the cops, but we can't hear his words.

Light grits his teeth, helpless. He can't stop Dale. Not here. Not without implicating himself.

Ronald Ray Dale pulls the trigger. In the split-second before the camera pans away, we see his hostage crumple.

The girl next to Light JUMPS, covers her eyes. The other students stare at the screen, sickened, distraught.

But not Light. He just looks pissed.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light slips the Death Note out of its hidden cubbyhole. Pauses. Checks the bedroom window.

A BLACK SEDAN is parked on the street outside. There are two figures inside. Watching the house.

LIGHT

They're still there.

Ryuk drifts lazily near the ceiling, half-asleep.

RYUK

If only you had some sort of magic notebook...

LIGHT

I'm not killing a bunch of cops.

RYUK

Because I'm sure none of them are crooked. None of them abuse their power or beat their wives--

LIGHT

That's not the point--

RYUK

I'm sure they'll let you off with a warning. *When* they catch you.

LIGHT

I knew the risks going in.

RYUK

"The risks." Ha!

(circling Light)

You wanted to save the world. How many innocent people are going to suffer while you sit around, waiting for them to get bored? They're pushing you because they know you won't fight back! You have to make them fear you.

LIGHT

It's not that easy!

Ryuk whirls on him with a SNARL, spitting out the words:

RYUK

Yes! It! Is!

(circling Light)

Sooner or later, they're going to find you, Light. They're not going to stop until you're dead. And then all of this will have been for nothing!

Light looks shaken. The danger is no longer hypothetical. He can feel the walls closing in around him.

LIGHT

If I kill the agents watching me, that's the same as signing a confession.

RYUK

You would have to get all of them. At the same time.

LIGHT

Exactly! It's impossib--

Light breaks off. An idea taking shape in his mind.

He picks up the Death Note, then turns to face Ryuk.

LIGHT

How far can I go with this?

RYUK

What do you mean?

LIGHT

I made James Brode march into oncoming traffic. I made those prisoners write Kira's name on the wall. I didn't just kill them; I was controlling them.

RYUK

Every human spends the last moments of his life in the shadow of a Death God. If we so desire, we can...influence those moments.

(a sly glance)

There are, of course, limitations.

Ryuk glances at the Death Note. The cover FLIES OPEN and the PAGES TURN on their own accord, until we land on:

RYUK

"Rule 19: A subject can be influenced for no more than eleven days leading up to his death."

LIGHT

(to himself)

Eleven days.

The pages rifle again, landing on another RULE:

RYUK

"Rule 70: Each death must be physically possible." That means no shark attacks in the Sahara. Trust me, I've tried.

(the pages turn)

"Rule 118: Each specific victim requires its own entry in the book." Means you can send a criminal on a shooting spree, but you can't pick his targets.

LIGHT

That's it?

RYUK

That's it.

Light stares at the Death Note in his hands, thinking...

Ryuk's SPINDLY FINGERS slide over Light's shoulders. The creature's lantern eyes burning in the darkness.

RYUK

If it helps, think of it as...*self-defense*.

The Shinigami's touch seems to harden Light's resolve. He opens the notebook.

EXT. "THE LOOP" (DOWNTOWN CHICAGO) - NEXT DAY

A light rain. Horns honk. Cars jam the streets. On the sidewalks, crowds hurry through wet gusts.

The Athletic Guy--real name RAYMOND YOUNG--follows Light down the sidewalk, maintaining a safe distance. It's easy, since Light is wearing a distinctive RED HOODIE.

Young watches as Light descends the stairs to the SUBWAY--

INT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Light is safely out of sight, he shrugs off the red hoodie. Grabs a passing TEENAGER by the arm.

LIGHT

Wanna earn ten bucks?

MOMENTS LATER--

Raymond Young jogs down the steps. Scans the crowd. *There!* He spots a kid in a red hoodie at the far end of the corridor, and hurries to follow.

As he passes an alcove, Light--now *sans* hoodie--emerges from the shadows and falls into step behind Young.

He roughly jams his CELL PHONE against Young's back.

LIGHT

Don't turn around.

AGENT YOUNG

Oh, you picked the wrong guy, asshole. You have no idea.

LIGHT

We'll see. Keep walking.

With his free hand, Light deftly snags Young's wallet. Flips it open to reveal his BADGE.

Federal Bureau of Investigation. Shit.

LIGHT

FBI, huh? Special Agent Raymond X.
Young. What's the X stand for?

AGENT YOUNG

Xavier.

LIGHT

(stuffing the wallet
back)
Cute. Well, Special Agent Young,
I'm afraid you're about to have a
real bad day.

AGENT YOUNG

Man, just take the money--

LIGHT

I don't want your money.
(into his ear)
I'm the one you're looking for.

Young freezes. A look of dawning horror.

Light slips a FAT MANILA ENVELOPE into Young's hands.

AGENT YOUNG

What is this?
(No response.)
Hello?

He risks a glance behind him. Light is already gone.

Young glances down at the envelope. **OPEN ME** written in
jagged letters across its cover.

Young rips open the envelope. Inside he finds FIVE MORE
MANILA ENVELOPES. Each one numbered and sealed. But there
is something odd about them:

On the face of each envelope, a column of SMALL,
RECTANGULAR SLOTS has been cut out. BLANK WHITE PAPER
visible through the slots.

Young frowns. Has no idea what to make of this.

He shakes the empty envelope, and a final object tumbles
out. A small BLUETOOTH EARPIECE.

Young slips the earpiece on. Hears Light's voice:

LIGHT (O.S.)

Head down the stairs.

Agent Young obeys.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - RED LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Young at the edge of the platform. There's a RUMBLE as the train arrives. People exit. Then, over the earpiece:

LIGHT (O.S.)

Take the last seat in the back.

Young rushes inside, grabbing the seat. He lets out a sigh, realizing: Kira is watching his every move.

The doors slide shut as the train lurches into motion.

We reveal Light, standing in the ENCLOSED DIVIDER separating the subway cars. Through the porthole window, he can see the stack of envelopes over Young's shoulder.

LIGHT

I want you to tell them to stop their investigation. Tell them we're on the same side--

AGENT YOUNG

You're a mass murderer.

LIGHT

I'm trying to help--

Young's tone becomes angry, aggressive. He's clearly trying to bluff his way out of this nightmare.

AGENT YOUNG

What are you, like 12? You're gonna go to prison for the rest of your fucking life, kid. How's that for a *side*? That's for starters. You live with your parents? Now they're accessories. Your friends, your relatives, everyone you ever met, they just got their entire existence fucked because of you.

Light opens the Death Note. His pen poised over the page.

LIGHT

Don't make me do this. We can still work together.

AGENT YOUNG

You wanna kill me, go ahead. Doesn't change a goddamn thing.
(MORE)

AGENT YOUNG (CONT'D)
Because one of these days, someone
just like me is gonna knock on
your door, and he's gonna put a
bullet through your fucking teeth.

Light's expression hardens. *Young has left him no choice.*

He quickly scratches out a sentence in the Death Note:

"RAYMOND X YOUNG is ambushed on the train by Kira. Young obeys Kira's instructions before--"

We don't see the end of the sentence. It doesn't matter.

Young blinks in surprise. His shoulders slump as the fight slowly seeps out of his body. Becoming docile.

LIGHT
Feeling better?
(No response.)
How many FBI agents have been
assigned to investigate the Kira
task force?

Young's jaw works silently for a moment. When he answers, his voice is strained. Almost strangled.

AGENT YOUNG
I heard five teams, four to a
team. Twenty agents.

LIGHT
What are their names?

AGENT YOUNG
I don't know.

LIGHT
Who would? Who has access to their
employment files?

AGENT YOUNG
Maybe the Assistant Director--

LIGHT
What's his name?

AGENT YOUNG
Pearl. Cedric Pearl.

LIGHT
What does Cedric Pearl look like?

AGENT YOUNG
Thinning hair, big nose.
Wheezes...you know, heavy.

LIGHT

Fine. On the envelope labeled one,
write Cedric Pearl's name in the
first blank slot.

Young finds the FIRST CUT-OUT slot on the "#1" ENVELOPE.
He does as instructed, writing Pearl's name.

LIGHT

Good. Now, get out your laptop.

Young boots up his laptop. Connects to the free wi-fi.

LIGHT

Open the email that Cedric just
sent to you.

AGENT YOUNG

(confused)

What? I...I didn't get an--

DING! An EMAIL arrives. From: **C.Pearl@IC.FBI.GOV.**

Young's jaw drops. Can't believe it.

AGENT YOUNG

How did you...?

LIGHT

Open the attachment.

He does. Revealing EMPLOYMENT FILES. NAMES. PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIGHT

You're looking at an alphabetical
list of agents. Memorize each
name. Each face. Then write their
names into the blank slots. When
you run out of spaces, switch to
the next envelope.

AGENT YOUNG

Why...?

LIGHT

Start writing.

Young starts copying names from the database. Pausing
occasionally to scan the photos of the various agents.

Light watches with grim satisfaction.

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - THAT EXACT MOMENT

L studies graphs on a computer. Watari enters, holding out a PHONE. Without looking up, L takes it.

L
This is L.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

A panicked FBI AGENT stands in the doorway of an office. Behind him, there's a flurry of activity.

A MAN lies slumped at the desk in the center of the room.

FBI AGENT
Assistant Director Pearl is dead.
Heart attack, just happened.

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

L understands the situation at once.

L
We need to contact every FBI agent
on that team. Right now.

INT. SHOPPING MALL (DOWNTOWN CHICAGO) - THAT MOMENT

A TALL MAN sits on a bench, reading a book. Furtively keeping an eye on a FAMILY buying ice cream.

As the family heads off, the Tall Man stands to follow.

He doesn't notice the WRAITHLIKE SHADOW that passes behind him. It's Ryuk. Circling the man.

Suddenly his phone buzzes. The Tall Man answers--

TALL MAN
This is Franks.

L (O.S.)
Agent Franks, your team's been
compromised. Drop what you're
doing and get to the nearest
hospital, NOW--

Franks starts to protest. Without warning, his expression goes SLACK. The phone slips from his grasp.

L (O.S.)
Agent Franks, can you hear me...?
Agent Franks?

I/E. CITY LOCATIONS - VARIOUS

All around the city, we see the various UNDERCOVER AGENTS drop what they're doing. One by one, they start walking.

INT. RED LINE TRAIN - SHORT TIME LATER

BACK WITH AGENT YOUNG. A few envelopes, filled with names, rest in his lap now.

He reaches the end of the database. The final name on the list is his own.

LIGHT
Stop. Don't write your own name.

The train begins to slow as they reach the next station.

Young licks his lips. Fighting to regain control.

AGENT YOUNG
What are you gonna do to them?

LIGHT
I don't have to do anything.
They're already dead.

AGENT YOUNG
What...?

LIGHT
You just killed them.

Young blinks, uncomprehendingly. Looks at the envelope in his hand. At the dozens of names he's just written.

The train rumbles to a stop. The doors open.

ANGLE on Light, holding the actual Death Note. He finishes writing one last entry. Snaps the book shut.

LIGHT
You shouldn't have threatened my family. Sorry, Ray.

Agent Young lurches to his feet, his movements robotic.

He stumbles off the train. Leaving the stack of manila envelopes sitting on the chair.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Agent Young turns in an unsteady circle. Just in time to see the train doors hissing shut.

On the other side of the glass, Light picks up the manila envelopes. Meets Young's gaze, just for an instant.

Then the train pulls away.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - SAME TIME

Light opens ENVELOPE #1. Slides out the piece of DEATH NOTE PAPER that was hidden inside. Reads:

CEDRIC PEARL

The first name Young wrote in a blank slot. Directly below, the part that was hidden by the envelope reads:

LIGHT (V.O.)
*Cedric Pearl. Dies of a heart
attack after sending an email
attachment containing the files of
every agent investigating the Kira
task force, to every agent
investigating the Kira task force.*

Below this, SEVERAL MORE NAMES. All the FBI AGENTS that we saw Agent Young write into the blank slots.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - SAME TIME

Agent Young stands frozen on the platform. Slowly, his head swivels around. And he realizes he's not alone.

Agent Franks stands beside him. Staring at the tracks.

More UNDERCOVER AGENTS enter the station, marching down the stairs, forcing their way past the turnstiles.

The final Agent arrives. All twenty are now present.

They exchange vacant, slightly dazed looks. Then, acting in unison, they clamber over the edge.

Lowering themselves onto the subway tracks.

It's an insane, unnatural sight: twenty men calmly straddling the tracks, staring down the darkened tunnel.

INSERT: Light entering Young's name into the Death Note. This time we read all the way to the end of the sentence: "Young obeys Kira's instructions before finally committing suicide on the train tracks."

BACK IN THE PRESENT--

Nearby pedestrians witness the act, react with horror.
"Yo, what the fuck are you doing?" "Get out of there!"

In the distance, a pinprick of light is growing.

A GOOD SAMARITAN lays on the floor, arm outstretched, reaching desperately for Agent Young.

GOOD SAMARITAN
 C'mon, man! Take my hand!

The train is getting closer. Its RUMBLE fills the world.

RYUK hovers in mid-air above the tracks, floating among the doomed agents. He lovingly runs his clawed fingers along Young's cheek. Agent Young doesn't react.

GOOD SAMARITAN
 TAKE MY HAND!

RYUK
 All aboard.

The Good Samaritan jerks his arm back, just as--

THE TRAIN SCREAMS PAST, shredding through the agents like ten pins, a moment of sudden, shocking violence.

CUT TO:

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

L receives the grim news. His hand TREMBLES ever so slightly as he returns the phone to its cradle.

TIGHT on L's eyes. Grief-stricken.

EXT. WATERFRONT - SUNSET

Light sits on a park bench by the waterfront, watching as the sky turns purple. One knee juddering up and down.

He looks sick to his stomach. Practically on the verge of tears. *What the hell did he just do?*

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS - HEADLINES

From various NEWSPAPERS, WEBSITES -- being read all across the city -- in BARS, HAIR SALONS, CAFÉS.

All of them asking more or less the same question:

**MASS SUICIDE: SLAIN FBI AGENTS WERE INVESTIGATING POLICE -
- IS KIRA A COP?**

EXT. NEWS STAND - MORNING

Light pauses at the corner news stand and lets his gaze drift across the morning headlines.

He looks miserable. Haggard. Haunted.

INT. CHICAGO PD - SUPERINTENDENT WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Superintendent Wallace tosses a newspaper onto his desk. James Turner stands opposite his boss.

WALLACE

(very quiet)

Tell me you've got some clue, some lead, something that justifies the price we just paid. Tell me how this isn't a goddamn P.R. nightmare for our department.

(James says nothing.)

That's what I thought.

JAMES TURNER

I take full responsibility--

WALLACE

Fuck your responsibility. You turned every officer in this state into a walking target.

Wallace picks up a page of prepared remarks.

WALLACE

We're gonna announce that it was a mistake. A miscommunication with the FBI. That we never believed Kira was a cop. And that we are no longer investigating the killings.

JAMES TURNER

You can't be serious.

WALLACE

Maybe if we're lucky, he'll go
back to killing criminals.

JAMES TURNER

That's what he wants! You shut
down the task force and Kira wins!

Wallace shakes his head, disgusted.

WALLACE

"Wins." People are dying. Who
gives a shit about winning?

(stands)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got
a sword to fall on.

He starts out the door. Turner blurts after him:

JAMES TURNER

Let me do it.

Wallace hesitates in the doorway, one eyebrow raised.

JAMES TURNER

Those agents died because of me.
It's my mistake. Please.

INT. CHICAGO PD - PRESS ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CAMERAS, REPORTERS crowd around an empty PODIUM.

Off to the side, James Turner stands alone. Haggard,
scared. He dials his cell phone.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

His wife Carrie, stirring a cake batter. She answers the
phone with one hand, as we INTERCUT between locations--

JAMES TURNER

Hi, honey.

CARRIE

Hey, you.

(A long pause.)

Jim? What's wrong?

JAMES TURNER

Nothing. I just...I haven't been
home much, so I thought...I
thought I'd check in...

Light calls out from the living room, his voice worried:

LIGHT (O.S.)

Mom?

Carrie enters the room. Sees Light gazing at the TV...

He's watching a LIVE FEED from the CHICAGO PD PRESS ROOM.

At the edge of the frame, we can JAMES TURNER HIMSELF,
his back to the camera, phone against his ear.

LIGHT

(quietly)

Why is Dad on TV?

CARRIE

Jim...? What are you doing?

JAMES TURNER

I'm sorry. I love you, honey. I
love you both so much.

And suddenly Carrie understands. The realization knocks
the wind out of her; her legs give out and she sits down,
hard. The phone slips from her hand and Light grabs it.

LIGHT

Dad?

Turner closes his eyes. His voice cracking slightly.

JAMES TURNER

You...you take care of your mom
for me, okay, buddy? You gotta be
strong for her.

LIGHT

Dad, wait--!

JAMES TURNER

Make me proud.

The line goes dead.

Onscreen, James hangs up the phone. Turns to the podium.

A long, tense beat. Staring directly into the camera.

LIGHT

(whispering)

No.

The cameras continue to click and flash as James wads up
his prepared statement. Tosses it aside.

JAMES TURNER

I'm Deputy Chief James Turner. I'm not here to comment on current operations, or the *heroic* deaths of our counterparts in the FBI. I'm here to deliver a message.

(a long beat)

Someone told me recently, "The world has no room for cowards." Our city, our world, our entire way of life is under siege by the coward himself Kira.

Light flinches slightly. Can't help it.

JAMES TURNER

(his voice rising)

But I'm here to say...no more. No more hiding, no more cowering. No more living in the shadow of a monster. It ends now.

(into the camera)

So that's my promise to you, Kira, wherever you are. We're going to find you. And make you answer for your crimes.

Carrie SOBS brokenly. Knowing exactly what this means.

CARRIE

Why? Why would he do that?

Light gazes at the screen. At his father. His expression a mixture of misery and genuine respect.

LIGHT

Because he's not afraid.

INT. CHICAGO PD - PRESS ROOM - SAME TIME

Turner walks off stage. The room silent behind him. Then--

A REPORTER begins to CLAP. He's joined by ANOTHER. Then ANOTHER. Soon the whole room's standing. CHEERING.

Turner passes WALLACE on his way out. Whispers to him:

JAMES TURNER

Shut us down now, you cowardly shit.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Light at his desk. The Death Note open. Staring down at the blank page, pen in hand. Ryuk watches hungrily.

RYUK

You know what you have to do.

His father defied Kira. Practically forced Light's hand.

RYUK

(insistent)

Kill. Him.

The pen hovers over the page. Trembling ever so slightly.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE SITE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A team of PARAMEDICS stand ready at James Turner's side. James balls his fists, stares at the floor. Waiting.

The seconds drag out.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY / BEDROOM - NIGHT

James Turner returns home, exhausted. Carrie embraces him fiercely, burying her face against his chest.

Light watches from the top of the stairs. His father notices him, gives Light a tired smile.

The darkness behind Light SHIFTS as Ryuk glides past.

RYUK

This is a mistake.

LIGHT

(quietly)

It's my book. My mistake.

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In his hotel room, L sits silhouetted before his computer, watching Turner's recorded press conference.

On his laptop, he's pulled up DATABASE PROFILES for the entire Turner family. James. Carrie. And Light.

The Kabuki mask lies forgotten at his side.

Watari enters the room, clears his throat.

WATARI

Sir...?

L

(without turning)

Light Turner is Kira.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Light has claimed a corner booth in a crowded little cafe. His drink sits untouched as he scans news stories about James Turner's press conference on his laptop.

A YOUNG MAN waiting at the counter peers over Light's shoulder at the laptop screen. We don't see his face.

YOUNG MAN

That's that cop from TV, right?

LIGHT

(without looking up)

Go away.

YOUNG MAN

Talk about crazy, right? Calling out Kira like that?

Shaking his head, the Young Man TAKES A SEAT across from Light. Light blinks in annoyance.

LIGHT

Can I help you?

And finally, we get our first good look at L.

Surprisingly, L is only a few years older than Light. Pale, unkempt, with bloodshot eyes and a bird's nest of messy black hair. When he speaks, the words come tumbling out in an unpredictable machine-gun stutter.

He hunches forward across the table, his long fingers constantly touching and rearranging the silverware. HE IS AN UNNERVING, ALMOST ALIEN PRESENCE.

L (FORMERLY YOUNG MAN)

Just thinking out loud. If I'm Kira, and someone goes on national television and calls me a coward, why wouldn't I just kill that person on the spot?

LIGHT

Do I know you?

L
I work with your father.

Light freezes, his coffee cup halfway to his lips.

LIGHT
L.

Ryuk, hovering in the background, perks up.

RYUK
Hey, good job, Light. You found
him!

Light forces a smile, tries to remain casual.

LIGHT
So you're the guy chasing Kira.

L drops SUGAR CUBES in his coffee. A bunch of them.

L
Well. I was.

LIGHT
What happened? You give up?

L
No. I found him.

Light keeps that cocky grin frozen on his face. Barely.

LIGHT
Congratulations. Who is he?

L
Light Turner.

Light bursts out LAUGHING. L smiles patiently.

LIGHT
I'm sorry, no...that was...that
was awesome. Seriously. Really
good. Who put you up to this?

L
I have to admit, I'm dying to know
how you do it. My theory--and feel
free to stop me--but my theory is
it's some sort of latent psychic
ability. Targeted remote viewing,
coupled with a form of high-grade
persuasion. You're literally
willing the target into taking his
own life. Am I close?

Light's smile fades.

LIGHT

This is getting a little weird.

L

Ah. So I take it you're *not* going to confess?

LIGHT

Confess to what? Being Kira...?

Are you out of your mind?

(pulls out his phone)

I'm calling my Dad.

L nods, as if he expected nothing less. Sits back in his chair, stirring his coffee with a long spoon.

L

Before you do that, let me ask you one thing. Why do you think Kira spared your father's life?

LIGHT

How the hell should I know?

L

You must have thought about it.

LIGHT

I don't know. Maybe Kira doesn't care. Maybe he thinks it's funny. Maybe he lives in Japan and he slept through the whole thing!

L

No. That doesn't fit the profile. Kira has a child's sense of morality, all black and white. He's reactionary, quick to anger. We know these things. He wouldn't let a public challenge pass.

Light stares at him. His voice quiet, stunned:

LIGHT

Holy shit, you're serious. You really think I'm him.

L

Yes. I really do.

Light leans forward across the table, his anger growing.

LIGHT

Then let me ask *you* something. If I really had the power to kill anyone in the world, anyone at all...what do you think I'd do to the person who tracked me down and backed me into a corner?

The unspoken threat hangs in the air between them.

L

You'd probably kill him. *If* you were Kira.

Abruptly L stands, smiling, not a care in the world.

L

It was nice to finally meet you, Light Turner.

L calmly exits. Light remains seated. Visibly shaken.

A tense moment passes. Light clenching and unclenching his fists. Trying to control his racing pulse.

Ryuk drops from the ceiling--passing right through the table--and claims L's vacated seat. He leers at Light.

RYUK

I was right. Humans are fun.

LIGHT

(whispering)

He got me. He fucking got me!

Light looks, desperate, on the verge of panic:

LIGHT

Ryuk. You could find out his real name. You could tell me!

RYUK

That's not the way the game works.

LIGHT

This isn't a game!

Ryuk leans in closer, exposing rows upon rows of glittering, needle-like teeth.

RYUK

It is to me.

Behind the counter, a WAITRESS frowns at the intense young man seemingly having an argument with himself.

LIGHT

What do you think's gonna happen to your Death Note when they catch me, huh? It's gonna get filed away in some evidence locker, and no one's ever gonna see it again. Your game ends with me.

RYUK

Someone will come along. Someone always comes along.

(gestures airily)

You're going to kill L, or he's going to kill you. Either way, we get to watch.

Light stares at the creature for a furious beat.

Then he bolts for the front door.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUO

Light bursts onto the sidewalk. Looks around frantically.

There! He spots L's silhouette halfway down the block. A gaunt praying mantis, gliding through the crowd.

He'll never get a better shot at learning L's identity.

Light hurries after his target, dodging pedestrians, hugging the wall, trying to remain unobtrusive.

L reaches the next intersection. Abruptly he pauses and glances over his shoulder, scanning the crowd.

Light ducks into a nearby alcove. *Shit! Did L see him?*

L stares a moment longer, then turns and starts across the street. Without waiting for the light to change.

HORNS BLARE as traffic screams past him on either side. L doesn't seem to notice.

Light stares after him. *Who the hell is this guy?*

L reaches the next subway entrance. Light can only watch helplessly as L vanishes down the escalator.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Light charges down the escalator. Scans the station, left and right. There's no sign of L anywhere.

He races down another flight of stairs, arriving on the loading platform just in time to see a SUBWAY TRAIN pulling out of the station.

Through the window, he glimpses L, staring back at him. A slight, knowing smile on the detective's lips.

Then L is gone, spirited away into the darkness.

Light stands there, chest heaving, his entire world crashing down around him.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Light opens his laptop. Ryuk watches, amused.

Light runs a Google search for **BAGLEY, INTERPOL**. One of the first hits includes a PHOTOGRAPH of William Bagley.

RYUK

What are you doing?

LIGHT

Dad said he was introduced to L through his contact at Interpol. William Bagley. So we start there.

Light opens the Death Note. Starts writing.

LIGHT (V.O.)

WILLIAM BAGLEY - Becomes obsessed with uncovering the true identity of the detective known as "L."

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - MONTAGE

Light buys a "BURNER" DISPOSABLE CELL PHONE.

LIGHT (V.O.)

Once per day, he calls the number 555-321-9468 and relays any new information that he has learned.

INT. BAGLEY'S HOME - BEDROOM - MONTAGE

Bagley's apartment in England. Bagley is fast asleep.

Suddenly he bolts upright in bed, breathing hard. His expression is vacant, slightly puzzled. Like he just woke up from a nightmare that he can't quite remember.

LIGHT (V.O.)
*During this time, he finds himself
 unable to betray Kira, and he
 makes no attempt to save himself.*

INT. INTERPOL NATIONAL CENTRAL BUREAU - DAY - MONTAGE

Bagley takes a seat at his desk. Logs onto his computer.

INTERPOL CO-WORKER
 Morning, Bill.

Bill ignores his co-worker. Fingers pecking against the keyboard. Like he didn't even hear the question.

The co-worker frowns, offended, then turns away.

ANGLE on the computer screen. Bagley is running a search query for "L," combing through the Interpol database.

LIGHT (V.O.)
*At 7:00 pm on October 12th,
 William Bagley dies.*

Bagley hums cheerfully under his breath. He seems to be operating on autopilot, oblivious to the outside world.

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 6 DAYS LEFT TO LIVE.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE on the page as Light writes the final line.

Ryuk drifts closer, curious, and peers over his shoulder.

RYUK
 You didn't say how he dies.

LIGHT
 You know what? Dealer's choice.

Ryuk grins wickedly.

RYUK
 You got it, boss.

EXT. CHICAGO STATE CAMPUS - DAY

Light and Naomi stroll across the Quad. Light's PHONE RINGS. He pulls it from his pocket without thinking--

But it's not his normal cell. It's the BURNER PHONE.

NAOMI

Did you get a new phone?

LIGHT

It's a disposable. I cracked the screen on mine.

(into phone)
Hello?

BAGLEY (O.S.)

I have nothing new to report.

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 5 DAYS LEFT TO LIVE.

LIGHT

Okay, mom. I will. Love you, too.

As Light stuffs the burner phone back into his pocket, he realizes he's being observed. A lone figure stands on the far side of the Quad, watching them intently.

L.

Light's gaze darkens. *He's running out of time.*

INT. BAGLEY'S HOME - NIGHT

The floor of William Bagley's apartment is covered with computer print-outs. Hundreds of sheets of paper. Each one another potential clue to L's true identity.

Bagley sits amidst the clutter. He hasn't slept in days. He picks up another page, studies its contents.

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 3 DAYS LEFT TO LIVE

His hands are shaking. He doesn't seem to notice.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Light, in front of his computer, writing feverishly in the Death Note. Ryuk drifts closer, curious.

ANGLE on the page. We see DOZENS OF NEW ENTRIES. Random criminals, all assigned to die at specific times, on specific days, over the next two weeks.

RYUK

If I didn't know better, I'd say you were starting to *like* this.

LIGHT

(ignoring him)
Two weeks worth of targets.
(MORE)

LIGHT (CONT'D)

The killings have to continue,
even if I get hauled in for
questioning.

RYUK

Mmmm. My pleasure.

He finishes and closes the book. Stares at it for a beat.

LIGHT

The Death Note isn't safe here.
Not when he's this close.

Light rips a SINGLE BLANK PAGE from the Death Note. Folds it up, sticks the sheet in his wallet.

EXT. NAVY PIER PARK - DAY

Light wanders through the noise and bustle of Pier Park, dodging carnival barkers and slack-jawed tourists.

He looks pale, unwell. Hoodie pulled low over his face.

The crowd parts and he spots Naomi. She bounds toward him eagerly. Her expression changes when she sees his face.

NAOMI

Oh my God. Are you okay?

LIGHT

Yeah, I'm fine.

NAOMI

You don't look fine.

Light glances over his shoulder, scanning the crowd. It's impossible to tell whether he's being followed.

LIGHT

Come on.

He guides her toward the park's famous FERRIS WHEEL.

INT. FERRIS WHEEL GONDOLA - MOMENTS LATER

The gondola door closes and the wheel begins to turn.

Naomi gazes out across the Chicago skyline, silhouetted against the blood-red setting sun. It's gorgeous.

NAOMI

Okay, I take back every dumb thing
I ever said about ferris wheels.

She glances back. Sees Light slumped on the bench.

NAOMI

Is it your dad?

(sits beside him)

I mean, after he did that press conference...sitting around waiting for something terrible to happen...I can't even imagine what your family's going through.

Light seizes on the excuse. The perfect misdirection.

LIGHT

Yeah. I'm just...I can't stop thinking about it.

She reaches out, gently takes his hand.

NAOMI

Hey. Hey. If Kira was going to...you know...it would have already happened, right?

LIGHT

Yeah, I guess.

NAOMI

He's still here. *We're* still here. And Kira can't take that away from us. Not unless we let him.

Light makes his decision. He opens his backpack and withdraws a NOTEBOOK-SIZED PACKAGE, wrapped securely in brown paper. *The Death Note*.

LIGHT

I need you to do something for me. My dad gave me this. I'm supposed to open it if...if there's an accident.

NAOMI

You think it's about Kira?

Light nods. His expression grave.

LIGHT

But I just keep thinking...if Kira knows about my family, knows where we live, there's no telling what he could do. He could blow up the entire house.

NAOMI

Jesus, Light--

LIGHT

I'd just feel better leaving it
with you. You're the only person I
can trust.

She grips the package. But Light doesn't let go. Not yet.

LIGHT

This is important. Whatever you
do, you can't open it.

NAOMI

I know. I won't.

Light puts his arm around her. Kisses her deeply.

The gondola continues its rotation, descending out of
frame...and revealing RYUK, floating in mid-air.

The Shinigami doesn't look happy.

INT. ENGLISH PUB - NIGHT

William Bagley has lost at least ten pounds since we last
saw him. He's been wearing the same outfit for several
days now. Cheeks bristling with stubble.

CARMIKE, another Interpol agent, watches him, worried.

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 2 DAYS LEFT TO LIVE.

BAGLEY

I...I don't understand.

CARMIKE

It's Administrative Leave, Bill.
No one's getting sacked. We just
want you to get help for whatever
it is that you're going through.

BAGLEY

I'm not going through anything!

CARMIKE

When's the last time you ate? Took
a real shower? No offense, mate,
but you look like shit.

BAGLEY

I do?

Bagley examines his reflection in the back of a spoon.
Finds a stranger staring back at him.

BAGLEY

(softly)

Oh.

CARMIKE

Talk to me, Billy. Whatever it is,
maybe I can help.

Bagley opens his mouth...but to his horror, the words
won't come. *He's incapable of betraying Kira's trust.*

Carmike watches him, equal parts pity and disgust.

CARMIKE

I'm speaking as your friend here.
Get your shit together.

Carmike stands to leave. Bagley suddenly finds his voice:

BAGLEY

Stu. You remember that subway
bombing case, a few years back?

CARMIKE

Sure. Fucking mess.

BAGLEY

The special investigator they
brought in to help. L. Did you
ever get his real name?

CARMIKE

Don't think so. Why?

BAGLEY

(shakes his head)
It doesn't matter.

CARMIKE

Suppose you could always call the
orphanage, find out from them.

Bagley looks up sharply.

BAGLEY

What fucking *orphanage*!?

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - EVENING

It's late, and the library is preparing to close for the
night. Light makes his way down a deserted aisle,
speaking quietly to Ryuk. The Shinigami is still pouting.

RYUK
You shouldn't have given it to
her! You had no right!

LIGHT
I'm the owner. It's *my* Death Note.
(glares at Ryuk)
That means I don't want you
appearing to her. Understand?

Ryuk SNARLS in response. Whipping from one shadow to the
next, almost too fast to follow.

RYUK
The book is meant to be used! It
does me no good in a drawer!

Light pauses before a row of dusty old encyclopedias.
These books haven't been touched in at least a decade.

Light removes a particular volume. Behind it sits Light's
BURNER PHONE, safely hidden in this makeshift cubbyhole.

LIGHT
We just have to kill him. Then
everything can go back to normal.

Light listens to his VOICE MAIL:

BAGLEY (O.S.)
It's Bagley. I found him.
(beat)
I found L!

AND WE INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BAGLEY'S HOME - SAME TIME

Bagley's apartment is now overflowing with TRASH and
CLUTTER. Bagley paces excitedly. His phone RINGS.

BAGLEY
Here! I'm here!

LIGHT
What's his name?

BAGLEY
Here's the thing. I don't have it,
not yet. But! I can get it!

Light closes his eyes. *Goddamn it.* He was so close.

LIGHT
I'm listening.

BAGLEY

According to my source, L was adopted out of St. Martin's orphanage in Nice. Adopted by the *Rochester Trust*. That's why he doesn't have a name; he was one of the Rochester Wards!

LIGHT

What the hell is a Rochester Ward?

BAGLEY

Orphans. Trained since childhood to be the greatest detectives the world has even seen. They say your first test as an initiate, they lock you in a room, fill the whole thing with water. Anyone who makes it out is part of the program.

(beat)

L was six when they put him in that room. Youngest initiate they ever had.

LIGHT

How does this help me?

BAGLEY

The orphanage has records, names. I can go to Nice, I can find him!

Light hesitates. They're quickly running out of time.

LIGHT

Bagley, listen to me. If you don't find that name in the next 38 hours, you are going to die.

All the blood runs out of Bagley's face.

BAGLEY

W-what? How?

LIGHT

That doesn't matter. You have to believe me here.

BAGLEY

But that's...I can't...I just need more time!

As if on cue, Ryuk drifts out of the shadows.

RYUK

*"Rule 79: Once a name has been
entered in the book, the details
cannot be changed."*

(This same RULE appears onscreen as **FX LETTERING.**)

Light thinks for a moment. Speaks into the phone again:

LIGHT

Listen to me. Just get to Nice and
find that name. You do that and I
swear to God, I'll spare your
life. But you have to leave
tonight. Right now.

BAGLEY

Oh Christ. Oh Jesus.

LIGHT

You can do this. Now go!

Light hangs up the phone. Hating himself for the lie.

RYUK

*Heh. You know, I think the poor
guy actually believed you.*

LIGHT

It's like you said. The details
can't be changed.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Light enters the house. Drops his bag on the floor, hangs
up his jacket. His mother calls out from the dining room:

CARRIE (O.S.)

Light?

LIGHT

Yeah, it's me.

CARRIE (O.S.)

We saved you dinner.

LIGHT

Okay. Thanks.

Still distracted, he enters the dining room.

And stops short.

His parents are seated at the dinner table. And they're
not alone.

From across the table, L smiles pleasantly.

L
Hello, Light.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

The most awkward supper imaginable. Light, James, Carrie and L, seated around the table, eating in silence.

Light sits across from L. Composed, but clearly furious.

Meanwhile, L sits perched in his chair like a gargoyle, knees drawn up to his chest. At the moment, he appears to be fascinated by his salad fork.

CARRIE
So. "L." It's nice to finally meet
you. I know James can't stop
talking about you.

JAMES TURNER
Carrie--

CARRIE
What? It's true.
(to L)
He said you're like a real-life
Sherlock Holmes.

Light grits his teeth, suffering in silence.

L
Your husband's a fine detective.
And you have a lovely home.

Light glances down. Notes that L is currently BAREFOOT.

LIGHT
Hey, Sherlock. How about you try
eating with your feet on the floor
like a normal fucking person?

CARRIE
Light!

JAMES TURNER
Hey! What the hell--?

L
No, he's right. This is my first
time dining with other people. I'm
grateful for the correction.

CARRIE
Your first time...ever...?

L
My childhood was rather monastic.
Our studies were performed in
isolation. Sometimes I would go
months at a time without seeing
another human being.

CARRIE
That's awful.

L
Being alone with your thoughts is
never a punishment.
(He looks at Light.)
As long as you don't have a guilty
conscience.

Light has heard enough. Drops his fork.

LIGHT
I'm not gonna sit here and listen
to this shit.

JAMES TURNER
What is your problem?

LIGHT
Do you want to tell them, or
should I?

L makes a sweeping, unconcerned gesture. *Go ahead.*

LIGHT
Your new friend here thinks that
I'm a mass murderer.

JAMES TURNER
What's he talking about?

L
Your son is correct. I'm almost
certain that he is Kira.

Carrie stares, open-mouthed, hopelessly confused. James
stiffens, his entire body going rigid. Saying nothing.

CARRIE
What?

LIGHT
If anyone's Kira here, it's the
shoeless freak who won't tell
anyone his real name.

L
That's not possible.

LIGHT
Why not?

L
Because if I was Kira, I wouldn't
have spared your father's life.
(beat)
That fact that the killer *did*
means he is either driven by self-
preservation or sentimentality.
Both traits that I myself lack.

Light actually laughs.

LIGHT
I thought you were supposed to be
some kind of genius.

L
You disagree?

LIGHT
You're overlooking the most
obvious motive. What if the killer
wanted to derail the police task
force by placing its lead
investigator under suspicion?
That's what I'd do.

L grins. Because, of course, he has already realized this
possibility. He was simply testing Light.

L
If you were the killer.

LIGHT
What did you think was going to
happen, coming here like this?

L
One of two possibilities. Option
number one: I present my
suspicions to your father. And
because he is a reasonable man, he
comes to the same conclusion. That
every lead, no matter how
improbable, must be followed. He
convinces you to submit to a
standard polygraph test.

LIGHT
And option number two?

L gives Light a cold, appraising look.

L
You kill all three of us, right
here, right now, and then flee the
country.

CARRIE
Oh my God...

Carrie looks horrified. James remains silent, his
expression unreadable, just watching the exchange.

LIGHT
And why would I do that?

L
Because you realize the game is
over. This is as far as you go.
(counting on his
fingers)
You will be arrested in secret,
and convicted in tribunal, and put
to death before the week is out.
Your one and only chance is to run
as far and as fast as you can, and
to leave no witnesses behind.

LIGHT
But that means you'd be dead, too.
What's the point of that?

L
The point is stopping you, Light.
That's always been the point.

Carrie turns to her husband, on the verge of tears--

CARRIE
James.

James stares at L, his entire body rigid, a live wire.

JAMES TURNER
(very quiet)
I want to speak with you outside.

EXT. TURNER HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SHORT TIME LATER

L paces on the front porch, speaking quickly, aware that
James could explode at any second.

L
--and if I'm wrong, you'll never
see me again.
(MORE)

L (CONT'D)

But if I'm not, if there's even a *chance*, then you owe it to the victims--to the entire world--to follow that trail, all the way to the end.

(pleading)

Detective Turner. James. Tell me I'm wrong. Tell me you're certain there's no chance.

James rubs his eyes, stares into the distance. Torn between family and duty. Finally, with a heavy heart--

JAMES TURNER

All right. Bring him in.

The camera PANS UP, rising higher into the sky...

Where we find LIGHT, sitting beside his open bedroom window. *He heard the entire conversation.* His expression is furious, calculating...but also oddly heartbroken.

He was just betrayed by his own father.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A TECHNICIAN hooks Light up to a POLYGRAPH MACHINE.

In the OBSERVATION BOOTH, L and James Turner watch the proceedings through the one-way glass.

LIGHT

How much longer is this going to take?

The Technician attaches the sensors to Light's arm.

TECHNICIAN

Almost ready.

Light glances over the Technician's shoulder. Sees Ryuk floating in the shadows, grinning ghoulishly.

RYUK

Heh. You're in trouble now.

Light forces himself to ignore the Shinigami. To focus on the task at hand. He glances at the mirror--

Knowing L is on the other side. Watching his every move.

TECHNICIAN

Let's get started. Is your name Light Turner?

LIGHT

Yes.

TECHNICIAN

Are you a freshman in college?

LIGHT

Yes.

TECHNICIAN

Have you ever climbed Mt. Everest?

LIGHT

No.

TECHNICIAN

Are you wearing a blue shirt?

LIGHT

Yes.

TECHNICIAN

Have you ever killed anyone?

LIGHT

No. Of course not.

The Technician checks his readings, continues.

TECHNICIAN

Have you ever taken part in a serious crime?

LIGHT

Does downloading music count?

TECHNICIAN

Yes or no only, please.

LIGHT

No.

TECHNICIAN

Were you born in March?

LIGHT

No.

TECHNICIAN

Are you aware of the individual known by the media as "Kira?"

LIGHT

Yes.

TECHNICIAN

Are you yourself Kira?

Ryuk drifts closer, hovering over the Tech's shoulder.

RYUK

Maybe it's a bad time to mention
this...but there's a bunch of cops
searching your bedroom right now.

(innocent)

I thought you'd wanna know.

Light's gaze flickers over to Ryuk, annoyed.

In the observation room, L leans forward, transfixed.
What is Light looking at?

LIGHT

Could you repeat the question?

TECHNICIAN

Are you Kira?

Light looks the man dead in the eye. No hesitation.

LIGHT

No.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The test has concluded. Light sits alone in the room,
awaiting the polygraph results.

The door finally opens and L enters, carrying a small
file folder. He takes a seat across from Light.

A moment of pregnant silence.

LIGHT

So am I free to leave?

L

You're not curious how you did?

LIGHT

(shrugs)

I told the truth. What's there to
be curious about?

L opens the folder and absently scans the test results.

L

You passed every question.

In the observation room, the relief is evident on James Turner's face. *His son is innocent.*

LIGHT

Is that an apology?

L

In fact, the only thing out of the ordinary is that there's nothing out of the ordinary. Which is strange in its own way. You expect to see fluctuations, statistical variances. Not with you, though. Perfect scores across the board.

(glances up)

Do you know the only people who consistently beat polygraph tests? Law enforcement...and sociopaths.

Light says nothing. L continues, almost cheerful.

L

Law enforcement, that's obvious, they know all the tricks. False negatives, maintaining a baseline heart rate. Someone smart enough, with enough self-control, can manipulate every single answer.

(Still nothing.)

And sociopaths, they don't register because they have no empathy for their victims; they have no remorse. They believe the rules don't apply to them.

Light leans across the table.

LIGHT

I want you to remember that I *agreed* to this test. In the absence of evidence. Based on the *hunch* of a man who goes around calling himself a letter of the alphabet. I waived the right to a lawyer. I answered every one of your questions. I have cooperated to the fullest extent of the law, and now I would like to go home.

L

You're free to leave any time.

Light considers him for a moment longer.

LIGHT

Then why do I get the feeling I'm still a suspect?

L

Because you're enjoying this, Light. You may not want to admit it, but you are. I think you've been waiting your whole life for a challenge. For something to engage that big, angry brain of yours. And now it's here, and you're having the time of your life.

In the next room, James's mood darkens. Because now he sees it, too. *His son isn't acting like an innocent man.*

He's acting like someone who just got away with murder.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A police officer ushers Light out of the interrogation room. He finds James waiting for him.

Light meets his father's gaze calmly. But just behind the surface, we sense the storm of emotions taking place.

He won't forget this betrayal.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Light and his father driving home from the station.

Neither one speaks.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

James is comforting Carrie in the kitchen, speaking in low tones. Light eavesdrops from the steps.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters his room. Nothing appears out of the ordinary.

Light scans the room. Ryuk watches gleefully.

RYUK

Warmer. Warmer. Ooh...red hot!

Light spots the CAMERA on his bookshelf. A button-sized black lens, nestled inconspicuously among his belongings.

CAMERA POV: SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of Light from a DOZEN ANGLES, strategically positioned around the room.

His every move is being watched.

His phone VIBRATES. The display shows a picture of **NAOMI**.

Light moves to answer...then changes his mind. *There's a chance his line is already being monitored.* He stares at the phone until it stops ringing.

He sinks onto his bed. A lab rat inside a glass cage.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

It's well past midnight. Light trudges downstairs, pours himself a glass of water. Realizes he's not alone.

James Turner sits in the dark, nursing a beer. There are five or six empties on the table before him.

LIGHT

Hey.

Light sits across from him. Nods to his father's beer.

LIGHT

Got one of those for me?

JAMES TURNER

Nah. Better not.

His father is staring at him. No, *studying* him.

LIGHT

Dad...you know that I'm innocent...right?

An almost imperceptible hesitation. Then James sighs.

JAMES TURNER

Yeah. Of course I do.

(takes another drink)

I told L, look at Kira's profile. He's not some kid in college. The guy we're after, he's smarter than the rest of us put together. The moves he's made? You'd have to be some kind of, I dunno, genius.

(pensive)

It's funny. Part of me wants to catch the guy. The other part just wants to shake his hand.

LIGHT

Your partner just spent two hours
interrogating me because of Kira,
and you want to shake his hand?

JAMES TURNER

I know. It doesn't make sense.

(smiles ruefully)

Guess it's like being on the court
with a Jordan, or a LeBron. Even
if you're getting your ass kicked,
you were still out there. You
still ran with one of the greats.

James finishes his beer and stands. He pauses behind
Light, puts a hand on his son's shoulder. Can't think of
the right words. Continues out of the room.

Leaving Light alone in the shadows.

EXT. NAOMI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Early the next morning. Naomi exits her apartment
building, coffee in hand, still half-asleep. She descends
the steps and nearly runs headlong into--

L. He smiles politely.

L

Naomi Hutton?

NAOMI

Who are you?

L

I work with Light's father. Deputy
Chief Turner.

Naomi jumps to the wrong conclusion. Goes pale.

NAOMI

Oh shit. Is he...?

L

No, no, everything's fine. I just
wanted to ask you a few questions.
About Light.

NAOMI

What about him?

L

Have you noticed any changes in
his behavior? Anything you would
characterize as unusual?

This is too weird. Naomi starts walking. L follows.

NAOMI

Umm. I don't think I should be talking to you.

L

I understand. He's placed his trust in you. You might be the only person on the planet who knows the real Light Turner.

He lets his words hang in the air. Twisting that dagger.

NAOMI

Christ. Whatever you're getting at here...? Just say it.

L

In your opinion, do you think he's capable of taking a life?

NAOMI

(almost laughs)
You think he killed someone?

L

Not "someone." I think he's killed nearly five hundred people.

Naomi stops short. Trying to process that statement.

NAOMI

Five hun--
(realizing)
Kira. You think he's Kira.

L

Yes. I do.

NAOMI

This is...this is fucking crazy--

She starts to turn away. L catches her arm.

L

Miss Hutton, please. If I'm wrong, then it doesn't matter--

NAOMI

Let go--

L

--but if I'm right, if there's even a *chance* I'm right--

NAOMI

Let go of me!

L

--then your life is in danger.

She tugs her arm free. Frightened and overwhelmed.

NAOMI

You are wrong. Light is...he's not like that. He's a good person!

L

We're all good people. Until we get caught.

Shaking her head, Naomi turns away. L watches her go.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - MORNING - MONTAGE

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of Light getting dressed.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - MONTAGE

L watches the same footage on a bank of closed-circuit monitors, his knees drawn up to his chin.

James Turner hovers in the back of the room, seething.

EXT. CITY STREET - MONTAGE

Light makes his way down the sidewalk. Pauses and pretends to check his phone beside a storefront window.

In the reflection, we see the PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER tailing Light from the opposite side of the street.

Light grits his teeth. Keeps walking.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - MONTAGE

Light tries to focus in class. But it's hard when ANOTHER UNDERCOVER COP is watching you from a few rows back.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

James bursts into the room, triumphant, clutching a printed sheet of paper. Thrusts it into L's hands.

JAMES TURNER

Henri Leder. Child molester. Died in police custody in Munich last night. Guy had an I.Q. of 86, and he wrote "*Forgive me, Lord Kira*" on the floor of his cell. In perfect Japanese!

L

Time of death?

JAMES TURNER

10:24 PM. The same time you were interrogating Light! So...that proves it, right? Light couldn't be the killer.

L

Leder was convicted last week. His name and face have been a matter of public record for 10 days.

He points to series of photos pinned to the timeline.

L

Look, here, December 31st. Kira performs his own New Year's countdown, killing one death row inmate on the hour, every hour, leading up to midnight.

JAMES TURNER

So...?

L

So if he has the ability to choose the subject's time of death, there's a chance he's scheduling these executions in advance.

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry. This proves nothing.

L tosses the page aside. Turns back to the monitor bank.

INT. CAMPUS REC CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Light is alone in the SAUNA. Slumped against the wall.

Ryuk moves through the curtains of drifting steam--

RYUK

I'm running out of people to kill.

LIGHT

I know.

RYUK

You have to give me more names!

LIGHT

Not while L is watching. I can't risk leading him to the book.

RYUK

Then use the page you ripped out.

LIGHT

That's for emergencies only.

(to himself)

Bagley will get me that name.

There's still time.

EXT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - FRANCE - DAY

The French countryside, a few miles outside Nice. The sky overcast, ominous. A light RAIN misting the air.

A muddy RENTAL CAR whips past an ANCIENT SIGN, overgrown with vegetation. The sign reads *Orphelinat Saint-Martin*.

The car skids to a stop outside the padlocked gates. Bagley clambers out, frantic, drenched with sweat.

FX: OCTOBER 12th.

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 2 HOURS, 36 MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE.

The ruins of St. Martin's are faintly visible through the treeline. The orphanage has been abandoned for years.

Bagley starts climbing the fence.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Light crosses the campus, head down, moving fast. He's distracted, which is why he nearly collides with--

NAOMI. She blocks his path, her expression stormy.

NAOMI

Any particular reason you're ducking my calls?

LIGHT

No. It's just...I'm sorry. I've got a lot going on right now.

NAOMI

What the hell does that even mean? Why won't you talk to me?

Light glances over his shoulder. Sure enough, he sees another PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER, shadowing him.

Naomi follows his gaze.

NAOMI

Who is that?

LIGHT

Nobody.

NAOMI

Is that guy *following* you?

The cop realizes he's been made. He pivots quickly, slipping back into the crowd.

LIGHT

I'll explain everything, I will, I promise. I just really need you to trust me right now.

He tries to draw her into an embrace. Naomi pulls away.

She stares at him. No doubt wondering whether L's wild accusations could possibly be true.

LIGHT

Naomi, please--

NAOMI

Don't.

She wheels away. Light stares after her, conflicted.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - SAME TIME

Bagley picks his way through the orphanage, carrying a makeshift TORCH. The flames reaching hungrily.

The building has been condemned. Fat black RATS scurrying through piles of trash. Rainwater pooling on the floor.

His torch illuminates CHILD-SIZED DESKS. Rows of stained BUNK BEDS, the mattresses crawling with mold.

This place is absolutely terrifying.

Bagley turns in a slow circle, revealing that--

RYUK hovers behind him, unseen. Watching.

Waiting.

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 48 MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE.

INT. SUBWAY - RED LINE TRAIN - MOVING - SAME TIME

Light checks his SMART WATCH. A DIGITAL COUNTDOWN APP is running in the corner of the screen. **48:00** and counting.

He can't contact Bagley while the police are watching his every move. *What the hell is he going to do...?*

L (O.S.)

You know, it's funny. This is the same train Raymond Young was riding when he died.

Light looks up to find L sitting on the opposite bench.

LIGHT

Am I supposed to know who that is?

L

Oh, that's right. Agent Young was one of the FBI agents. He was murdered while investigating your family.

LIGHT

If I didn't know better, *L*, I'd say you were following me.

L

Maybe life is just a series of coincidences. Easily explained.

LIGHT

I don't believe that.

L

No. Neither do I.

The train thunders through another tunnel, plunging the car into shadow. For just an instant, RYUK is visible over L's shoulder. A grinning, malevolent demon.

LIGHT

If you're so convinced I'm the killer, why not put a bullet in my head? That's what Kira would do.

L

Maybe I'm better than Kira.

Light leans forward, his voice low and furious.

LIGHT

Really? When's the last time you took a good look at the world? Violent crime is down.

(MORE)

LIGHT (CONT'D)

Peace talks in Palestine.
Charitable giving up 260%. That's
because of him. Because of Kira.

(beat)

Are you really prepared to take
all that away? To let the world go
back to the way it was?

L

Yes.

LIGHT

Why?

L

*"Power tends to corrupt, and
absolute power corrupts
absolutely."* I like to imagine
that Kira started out with good
intentions. That he was killing
people for a *reason*. A purpose.
(a knowing look)
But then he got a taste for it.

The train begins to slow. Light stands, a little shaken.

LIGHT

My stop.

The train reaches the station. The doors hiss open.

L

Do you know what amazes me the
most?

(Light hesitates.)

The sheer audacity. For someone to
think he can act like a god and
actually get away with it.

LIGHT

That's the difference between you
and me. You say "act like a god"
like it's some kind of insult.

L watches calmly as Light exits the train.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Light pushes his way through the crowded station.

He glances back. A dozen yards back, he spots a PAIR OF
UNDERCOVER COPS, matching his pace.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - SAME TIME

Bagley locates the orphanage's old RECORDS ROOM. Two dozen RUSTED FILE CABINETS crammed into a darkened room. Paperwork strewn across the floor.

Ryuk drifts into sight, still invisible to Bagley. The Shinigami examines the room, taking special note of...

--A STRUCTURAL SUPPORT BEAM, the wood warped and rotted.

--A series of GAS PIPES running along the wall.

Ryuk grins. A plan already formulating in his mind.

Meanwhile, Bagley scans the cabinets frantically. There seems to be no rhyme or reason to the ordering.

Just hundreds upon hundreds of FILE FOLDERS.

BAGLEY

No, no, no...

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS 21 MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Light jogs toward Northwestern Memorial Hospital. He knows he's still being followed. No longer cares.

He passes two PARAMEDICS loading a stretcher into the back of a waiting AMBULANCE--

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN as Light clocks their name tags--

Then he slips through the automatic sliding doors.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Naomi sits on her bed. Holding the WRAPPED PACKAGE that Light gave her for safekeeping.

Trying to decide whether to open it or not.

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Light hurries down the corridor. Glances back.

The UNDERCOVER COPS are right behind him. Making no effort to blend in. This is a straight-up chase.

Light reaches the ELEVATOR BANK. A HANDSOME DOCTOR boards the elevator; Light slips through the doors behind him.

The Undercover Cops break into a clumsy run--

UNDERCOVER COP #1
Hey, yo, hold that door--

Light gives him THE FINGER as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The Handsome Doctor shoots Light a disapproving look.

LIGHT
Sorry.
(No response.)
Long day, huh?

HANDSOME DOCTOR
Yeah. Sure.

Light glances at the doctor's name tag. AARON PELTZ.

Dr. Peltz catches him staring.

DR. PELTZ / HANDSOME DOCTOR
Help you with something?

LIGHT
Nope. I'm good.

They reach the tenth floor. Light darts out.

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - 10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

10th Floor, Pediatrics. Light weaves down the corridor, dodging nurses, visiting parents, kids in wheelchairs.

He checks his smart watch. The countdown has reached **4:32**. He whips out the BURNER CELL PHONE.

The phone RINGS and RINGS. Light paces, frantic.

Then someone answers. Bagley's voice, panicked, wavering:

BAGLEY (O.S.)
I...I need m-more time--

LIGHT
Calm down.

BAGLEY (O.S.)
I found the Records Room, but
there's...God, there's too many,
there's too fucking many!

LIGHT

Bagley, listen to me. You have to find that name!

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - SAME TIME

Bagley madly digs through the files. The torchlight casting hellish crimson shadows across the room.

BAGLEY

I can't do it, I can't--

LIGHT (O.S.)

You need to focus--

BAGLEY

Just give me an hour, just one more hour. Please!

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - 10TH FLOOR - SAME TIME

Light turns another corner. Ducks into a deserted room.

He checks his watch again. 2:17.

LIGHT

You are running out of time!

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bagley leaves his phone on SPEAKER MODE as he digs through the cabinets, WHIMPERING--

BAGLEY

It's here, it's here, I can find it, just give me a chance!

Something catches his attention. Bagley freezes.

Through the shattered window, he sees A PAIR OF FLASHLIGHTS bobbing through the darkness.

Heading right for him.

BAGLEY

Oh God. Someone's here.

LIGHT (O.S.)

What?

BAGLEY

Someone's here, someone's coming!

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - 10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Light paces the room like a caged animal, desperate now.

The seconds tick down on his watch. Just as the countdown reaches 1:00, another ONSCREEN GRAPHIC appears:

FX: WILLIAM BAGLEY HAS ONE MINUTE LEFT TO LIVE.

LIGHT
(almost screaming)
I need that fucking name!

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - CONTINUOUS

The flashlights are getting closer.

Bagley tears through another stack of file folders. Scanning each document, the words blurring together--

He stops abruptly. Blinks in astonishment. A sheet of paper TREMBLING in his hand.

ANGLE ON THE PAGE: In the box marked *Parent Adoptif*, someone has typed ***Le Rochester Confiance***.

BAGLEY
The Rochester Trust...the
Rochester Trust!

And right beside that...*L's real name*.

BAGLEY
I've got it! I've got it!

Without warning, he is struck by a BLINDING LIGHT!

TWO FRENCH SECURITY GUARDS stand in the doorway. One of them has his SERVICE REVOLVER drawn.

FRENCH SECURITY GUARD #1
Obtenez sur le plancher! Ne bougez pas!

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - 10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Light listens helplessly to these two new voices.

LIGHT
Bagley? What's the name? Give me the name!

Twenty-two seconds left.

INT. ST. MARTIN'S ORPHANAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bagley raises his hands. He's still holding the makeshift TORCH. The flames suddenly SPUTTER, bending slightly as a DARK FORM whisks past. It's RYUK. Circling his prey.

BAGLEY

Don't shoot! Don't!

FRENCH SECURITY GUARD #2

Sur le terrain! Maintenant!

Bagley edges sideways, eyeing his CELL PHONE--

BAGLEY

I just...please, I just need to
get to my phone--

The Guards grow more insistent, SHOUTING over each other:

FRENCH SECURITY GUARD #2

Ne bougez pas!

BAGLEY

You don't understand! He's going
to kill me!

LIGHT (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Just give me the name!

Bagley dives for his phone--

BANG! The GUNSHOT is deafening in the enclosed space.

Bagley nearly leaps out of his skin. It takes him a moment to realize he's not dead. *The guard missed.*

The guards are still YELLING at him, but now their voices are faint, faraway. Instead we hear a new noise.

A low HISSING sound.

Slowly, torch in hand, Bagley turns to face--

THE RUSTED PIPES running along the wall. A circular BULLET HOLE is visible in one. Air hissing out.

Except that's not air. It's NATURAL GAS.

Bagley realizes his mistake a split-second too late--

Just as his torch passes in front of the damaged pipe--

Now things happen fast.

The natural gas IGNITES at once, a WHITE-HOT JET OF FLAME that catches Bagley square in the face.

He stumbles backwards, engulfed in fire--

And collides with the warped SUPPORT STRUT in the center of the room! The impact SNAPS the beam in two--

Bagley tumbles to the floor. The broken support strut plunges downward like a spear--

SSSSSSHINK! Impaling Bagley right through the chest.

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - 10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The burner phone slips from Light's fingers.

The countdown on his smart watch is blinking 00:00.

Right on time.

Slowly, Light turns toward the corner of the room. Where Ryuk lurks in the shadows.

RYUK
(innocent)
You *said* dealer's choice.

An evil grin splits the Shinigami's face. He starts to LAUGH. A dry, rattling sound.

Light stares at the cackling ghoul for a long moment.

Then he begins to laugh as well.

Not because it's funny. But because it's over. That was his one and only chance to kill L. And now it's gone.

We leave them both, boy and demon, laughing hysterically.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Naomi makes her decision.

Starts to unwrap the mysterious package.

The cover of the DEATH NOTE peeks out through the torn paper, stark black and terrible.

EXT. LIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

As Light walks, he pops the cover off the BURNER CELL PHONE. Removes its SIM CARD, snaps it neatly.

He wipes down the phone for prints. Tosses it aside.

The phone lands in the street. A moment later a DELIVERY VAN rumbles past, CRUSHING the phone into splinters.

Light keeps walking.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Light enters, practically at a dead sprint. He jogs up the stairs. His mother glances up from the couch.

CARRIE

Your father's looking for y--

Light's bedroom door SLAMS, cutting her off.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light collapses onto the bed, staring up at the ceiling, hyperventilating. The walls closing in around him.

He's totally, utterly, absolutely FUCKED.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Naomi pages through the Death Note. Her eyes widening.

Hundreds of names.

Hundreds of victims.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

L is perched on the edge of his chair, watching the bank of monitors. Onscreen we see SIX DIFFERENT LIVE FEEDS from Light's bedroom.

The final monitor shows a CLOSED-CIRCUIT RECORDING from Northwestern Memorial Hospital. The video shows Light pacing down the hall, speaking into his BURNER PHONE.

L PAUSES the video. His expression thoughtful.

The door opens behind him as James Turner enters.

L

Detective. Does your son have a second cell phone?

Instead of answering, James gently sinks into a chair. His expression stunned. L realizes something is wrong.

L
What happened?

JAMES TURNER
Bill Bagley's dead. I just got the call.

L
How?

JAMES TURNER
They wouldn't give me all the details. Said a couple of security guards caught him breaking and entering. In France of all fucking places.

L
He was shot?

JAMES TURNER
Thought he had a gun. Turned out to be his phone. Christ.

L glances at the paused video. That mysterious second cell phone. The smoking gun he's been looking for.

L
This building he was breaking into. Was it in Nice? The *Orphelinat Saint-Martin*?

JAMES TURNER
How in the hell did you know that?

Instead of answering, L speaks into his cell phone:

L
Take Light Turner into custody. Do it now.

JAMES TURNER
What?!?

L spins back to his monitoring station--

Just in time to see LIGHT REACHING TOWARD ONE OF THE CAMERAS! The feed jostles, then goes DARK.

L and James watch, shocked, as Light systematically dismantles every single spy camera in his room.

JAMES TURNER
What's he doing?

L
If I had to guess, I'd say your
son is preparing to kill me.

The final feed goes dark.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Light tosses the last camera into the trash can.

He sits at his desk, opens his wallet. Withdraws the
FOLDED WHITE PAGE that he tore from the Death Note.

The page that he was saving for an emergency.

Light starts writing, frantic, the pen scratching against
the page. Faster and faster.

Light's cell phone VIBRATES. The name on the display
reads **NAOMI**.

Light glances at the phone. But doesn't answer. Not yet.

Instead he keeps writing.

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

WHAM! The front door is kicked open. Police officers in
full SWAT gear swarm Light's house.

Carrie SCREAMS, tries to bolt. One officer grabs her,
pins her against the nearest wall--

CARRIE
Get off! Get your hands off me!

Another SWAT TEAM storms up the stairs--

Kicking open doors. Checking each bedroom in turn.

They kick open the final door. Light's room.

But the bedroom is empty. Light is long gone.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DRIVING - SAME TIME

L is in the passenger seat of a POLICE CRUISER, weaving
through traffic, a ROOKIE OFFICER behind the wheel.

L's phone DINGS. He answers, eyes glued to the road.

WATARI (O.S.)

We missed him. The mother said he
left to meet his girlfriend.

L

Understood.
(to the driver)
Take Columbus Drive.

The car screams around the corner.

L clutches the dash, eyes darting left and right,
scanning the side streets. And then:

L

Stop the car!

L spins in his seat. He's just spotted--

LIGHT, his back to the camera, running down GRAND AVE.

L

Turn around!

The driver spins the wheel and jams the brakes at the
same time. The car does a LAZY 180 on the slick pavement.

ROOKIE OFFICER

Shit! Sorry!

Instant TRAFFIC JAM. HONKING. SHOUTING.

L has no time for this. He bursts out of the car.

Takes off running.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH L. Zig-zagging through traffic.

Up ahead, Light darts across a busy intersection. He
still has no idea that L is right behind him.

L cuts through an alleyway. Really moving now.

Light races down the next street, feet pounding against
the pavement.

L veers down another alley, on an intercept course--

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Light takes a shortcut through the next alleyway--

L (O.S.)
LIGHT TURNER! FREEZE!

Light skids to a stop, confused, startled.

L emerges from the shadows. Gun raised, aim steady.

L
You're under arrest.

LIGHT
Wait. Okay, just hold on a second--

L
I don't think so. On the ground,
hands behind your head.

LIGHT
You don't want to do this--

Right then, a middle-aged WORKER steps into the alley.
Coming from the rear door of a Greek restaurant.

WORKER
Whoa, whoa! What the hell, man?

L never takes his eyes off Light:

L
I'm with the police. This man is
Kira. I need you to call 911 and
tell them to send back-up.

WORKER
What do you mean, he's Kira?

L
(impatient)
He's the one who killed all those
people! Now are you going to help
me, or are you--

CRACK! L goes sprawling. The gun clatters across the
ground. It happens in the blink of an eye.

The Worker stands over L, brandishing a PLANK OF WOOD. He
can't quite believe he just did that.

The Worker meets Light's startled gaze.

WORKER
If you are Kira, then you killed
the man that raped my sister.
(beat, solemn)
Thank you.

Light has no words. He simply nods his gratitude.
L is already coming to his senses. Reaching for his gun.
Light turns and flees into the night.

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Light finally reaches the Columbus Drive Bridge. The same bridge where he and Naomi shared a date, just a few short weeks ago.

Naomi stands at the railing, peering down into the water.
She's holding the Death Note over the water.
Like she's working up the courage to drop it.
Light approaches cautiously. Calls out to her.

LIGHT

Naomi...?

She turns to him. A storm of emotions on her face.

NAOMI

Were you going to tell me?

LIGHT

You weren't supposed to open that.

NAOMI

It was you the whole time.

(beat)

You're Kira.

Light hesitates. But only for a moment.

LIGHT

Yes.

NAOMI

And...what? You write their names
down and they die? Just like that?

LIGHT

Just like that.

NAOMI

Oh my God.

LIGHT

Put the book down...

She whirls back around, her voice rising.

NAOMI

Why? Why the *fuck* would you kill
all those people?

LIGHT

Because someone had to.

NAOMI

Someone had to? *Someone had to?!?*

LIGHT

Because I didn't want to live in a
world where the bad guys always
win! Okay?

NAOMI

(shaking the book)
The bad guys. What do you think
this makes you, huh? You're a
fucking psychopath!

LIGHT

I'm trying to help people--

He starts toward her. She holds it over the edge--

LIGHT

No!

NAOMI

So what would happen if I wrote
your name down? Would you die?

LIGHT

Yes.

NAOMI

Then maybe I should.

LIGHT

I never wanted to put you in
danger. You have to believe me.

NAOMI

Stay back!

LIGHT

I love you.

She hesitates, hopelessly torn--

Light gently reaches out, takes hold of the Death Note--

A BLAST OF NOISE as something rises into frame behind the
couple. Naomi and Light spin, startled, as --

A BELL JETRANGER HELICOPTER swivels into position, a hundred yards away. NIGHT-SUN SPOTLIGHT kicking ON, sweeping the scene.

Light turns. Noticing for the first time that TRAFFIC ACROSS THE BRIDGE HAS STOPPED.

That's because a POLICE ROADBLOCK has been erected on either side of the bridge.

Trapping Light and Naomi in the center.

EXT. HELICOPTER - SKY - CONTINUOUS

L leans out of the chopper, one foot on the skids. His voice AMPLIFIED by the helicopter's loudspeaker:

L
LIGHT TURNER! PUT YOUR HANDS IN
THE AIR AND STEP AWAY FROM THE
GIRL! IF YOU FAIL TO COMPLY, WE
WILL OPEN FIRE!

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

For one moment, Naomi and Light are frozen in place, each of them holding a corner of the Death Note.

Naomi looks around wildly. Police cars on either side of the bridge. The chopper hovering in midair.

She turns back to Light.

And sees that he's *grinning*.

A Shinigami grin.

LIGHT
Now.

Without warning, RYUK MATERIALIZES, passing right through Light's body, his teeth flashing in the light!

Because she's touching the Death Note, Naomi is the only other person who can see the creature. She SCREAMS, releasing the notebook, tumbling backwards.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE - CONTINUOUS

James Turner has arrived at the police barricade. In the distance, he can see Naomi scrambling away from Light. Her faint SCREAMS fill the air.

JAMES TURNER
What's happening?

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Light turns his back on the helicopter, working fast:

--He opens the Death Note and carefully places the MISSING PAGE between its covers.

--Then he pulls a LARGE ZIPLOC BAG from his pocket, shoves the Death Note into the bag, zips it shut.

RYUK
What are you doing?

Instead of answering, LIGHT HURLS THE DEATH NOTE OVER THE SIDE. For just an instant, the book hangs suspended in midair, silhouetted by the helicopter's spotlight.

RYUK
NO!

Then the Death Note plunges out of sight. Disappearing into the icy waters far below.

Ryuk whirls on Light, furious.

RYUK
WHAT DID YOU DO!?

Meanwhile, Naomi rolls to her feet. She takes off running. Racing back across the bridge.

LIGHT
NAOMI, WAIT!

Suddenly the ground LURCHES beneath his feet--

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE - CONTINUOUS

The police stare in dumbfounded amazement as--

THE DRAWBRIDGE BEGINS TO SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE. The two halves separating as they angle upwards.

There's no apparent reason. No signal alarms, no ships passing through underneath. The bridge appears to be separating on its own volition.

JAMES TURNER
Oh my God.

L's chopper banks, pulling clear of the rising bridge.

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Naomi keeps running. Beneath her feet, the sidewalk is growing steeper by the second.

Light struggles after her. Fighting for balance atop the canted surface.

LIGHT

Naomi! Wait!

Naomi reaches the top. But the gap is already too great to jump. She wobbles on the edge, unsteady--

Light is right behind her. Reaching desperately--

The bridge GRINDS TO A HALT, stopping with a jolt--

The sudden stop throws Naomi off-balance. She loses her balance, pitches over the side--

Light dives after her--

Manages to snag her wrist--

Together they hang suspended off the side of the bridge.
Naomi's legs scissor the empty air.

It's a 70-foot drop to the river below.

LIGHT

I got you.

The spotlight catches Naomi. Her body silhouetted against the blazing light. A snapshot, frozen in time.

ANGLE ON L, watching from the helicopter--

ANGLE ON JAMES TURNER, sprinting toward the bridge in SLOW-MOTION, calling out for his son--

ANGLE ON THE VARIOUS POLICE OFFICERS, transfixed. Witnessing a supreme act of bravery. A teenager risking his own life to save another person.

These aren't the actions of a monster.

They're the final moments of a hero.

Naomi meets his gaze. A look of horror crosses her face.

NAOMI

Light--

His fingers slip.

And they fall.

Plummeting toward the water. Whirling in midair. Naomi's hand ripped from his grasp. Gone.

LIGHT HITS THE CHURNING BLACK WAVES, narrowly missing the waterfront sidewalk running beneath the bridge.

Naomi isn't so lucky.

A split-second later, she IMPACTS against the sidewalk with a horrible, sickening CRUNCH.

EXT. RIVER - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Light's motionless body is tossed and turned in the turbulent waters. Above him, the helicopter's SPOTLIGHT cuts through the water, searching, searching...

He sinks deeper into the darkness.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

A few hundred yards downstream, A FAMILIAR NOTEBOOK bobs through the current, safely sealed inside the Ziploc bag.

The Death Note bobs along, bumping against the wall--

Suddenly a GLOVED HAND enters the frame. The unseen figure plucks the Ziploc bag out of the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

TIGHT on L's face, pensive, gazing at a computer screen.

FX: FIVE DAYS LATER

Superintendent Wallace bursts in, shoving past Watari. He's got a REPORT in his hand. He tosses it at L, pissed.

WALLACE

Eight new Kira killings. Eight!
Every one of them identified by
the media in the last 24 hours.
You know what this means?

L reads the report, stunned. In the back of the room, James Turner speaks up, his voice quiet, despairing:

JAMES TURNER

It wasn't him.

(beat)

The killer's still out there.

Wallace jabs a finger into L's chest.

WALLACE

This little experiment is over.

Over. You understand?

Wallace exits. L just sits there, dumbfounded.

L

I've never been wrong before.

JAMES TURNER

Yeah, well. You picked a hell of a time to start.

L

James. I'm sorry about your son--

JAMES TURNER

(coldly)

My son is a hero. What does that make you?

(beat)

Get the fuck out of my city.

L stares at him sadly. The surrogate father he never had.

Then, moving heavily, L gathers his things and starts down the hall. James stares after him, hate in his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

Northwestern Memorial's I.C.U. L makes his way down the busy corridor, hands in his pockets.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

L slips into the room, closes the door behind him.

Light Turner lies comatose in the hospital bed. Heavily bandaged. A breathing tube down his throat.

L scans the room. Notices that the trash can is filled with half-eaten APPLE CORES. *Weird*. He doesn't notice the DARK SHADOW that flows across the wall behind him.

L stands over the unconscious Light, his expression terrible. One eyelid TWITCHES slightly.

He draws a SERVICE REVOLVER from his pocket.

Places the barrel of the gun against Light's forehead.

L's expression is agonized. If his suspicions are correct, he could save thousands of lives.

But if he's wrong, he's executing an innocent man.

L steadies himself. Closes his eyes...

His finger tightening on the trigger...

But in the end, he can't do it.

Not like this. Not without proof.

He lets his arm fall to his side. Defeated.

After a long pause, L holsters the revolver and turns away. Light slumbers on, oblivious.

EXT. CITY STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

L hurries away from the hospital, walking fast.

He passes a CHURCH. There's a line of WORSHIPERS waiting to be admitted. The sign out front still reads **REPENT**.

L keeps walking. Passing children playing in a park. Mothers pushing strollers down the sidewalk.

He stops suddenly, gazing up at--

The side of a brownstone building. A graffiti artist has scrawled two words across the side of the brick wall:

KIRA SAVES.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MONTAGE

Days pass in a TIME LAPSE BLUR. Doctors come and go. James and Carrie visit; they sit at Light's bedside, or simply hold his hand. James spends an entire night curled up in an uncomfortable wooden chair in the corner.

We SPEED RAMP BACK TO NORMAL TIME AS--

Light's eyes open slowly. Blinking uncertainly.

A NURSE dashes off to fetch a doctor. James and Carrie crowd the bed. Carrie strokes his forehead.

CARRIE

Light. Can you hear me, baby? Can you talk?

Light finds his voice. Through cracked lips:

LIGHT

Naomi?

Carrie's expression falls. She shakes her head.

CARRIE

I'm so sorry.

Light closes his eyes, tries to process this. When he opens them again, his father is standing over him.

JAMES TURNER

Hey, buddy. How you feeling?

LIGHT

My head hurts.

James hesitates, struggling to find the right words.

JAMES TURNER

What you did back there...on the bridge...I want you to know...

LIGHT

Dad. It's okay.

JAMES TURNER

No, it's not. I should've believed in you. I should've done more. Should've told you every single day how...how goddamn proud I am to be your father.

James reaches down and gruffly squeezes Light's shoulder. Light grips his father's wrist...

Then pulls his father into an embrace. One that has been a long time coming.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Visiting hours are over; the lights dimmed for the night.

A THUNDERSTORM rages outside. Rain lashing the windows.

Light sits alone in the room, gazing out the rain-streaked window, his expression unreadable.

The door opens. A FIGURE silhouetted against the doorway.

The man steps closer. Coming into the light.

It's DR. AARON PELTZ. *The same handsome doctor that Light encountered in the elevator last time he was here.*

Dr. Peltz sets a briefcase on the table. Opens it.

Withdraws a THIN OBJECT wrapped in a BLACK HANDKERCHIEF.

He hands Light the bundle. Light carefully unwraps it.

Revealing THE DEATH NOTE.

Dr. Peltz nods wordlessly. Exits the room.

EXT. NAOMI'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

L stands before an apartment complex. He has one final stop to make. One last hope at unraveling the puzzle.

He knocks on the front door.

INT. NAOMI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We see L attempting to comfort NAOMI'S GRIEVING PARENTS. L reaches across the table, touches Mrs. Hutton's hand.

The camera PANS AWAY, passing a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Naomi. In the photo, she's smiling, happy, full of life.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Light gazes down at the cursed notebook. Gradually, we PUSH IN on his face...

FLASH TO -- Light in his bedroom, writing frantically on the blank sheet of paper torn from the Death Note.

ANGLE ON the first two names he has written...

LIGHT (V.O.)

Ross Ludlam. Oscar Phelps.
Paramedics.

FLASH TO -- Light entering the hospital, passing the two paramedics as they load a stretcher into their ambulance. He clocks their name tags: ROSS LUDLUM. OSCAR PHELPS.

LIGHT (V.O.)

On the night of October 12th, they
are waiting beneath the Columbus
Drive Bridge.

(MORE)

LIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They are first on the scene when
the Kira suspect falls from the
bridge.

*FLASH TO -- Those same PARAMEDICS, under THE COLUMBUS
DRIVE BRIDGE, waiting out of sight...*

LIGHT (V.O.)

Working together, they place him
into a medically-induced coma.

*FLASH TO -- LIGHT, in the back of an AMBULANCE. Slowly
regaining consciousness. One of the paramedics injects
him with PENTOBARBITAL. Light's eyes roll back.*

LIGHT (V.O.)

Four days later, both men are
killed while speeding to the scene
of an accident.

*FLASH TO -- A WRECKED AMBULANCE, overturned in the middle
of an intersection, its wheels still spinning. One of the
paramedics is visible through the shattered windshield,
his face a mask of blood.*

INT. NAOMI'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Back in Naomi's house, L ascends the stairs. Passing
framed portraits of the Hutton family.

He opens the door to Naomi's bedroom.

The room is undisturbed, perfectly preserved.

A painful reminder of a life taken too soon.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

The Death Note sits untouched in Light's lap. He still
hasn't moved.

*FLASH TO -- LIGHT enters the hospital elevator. Glances
over at Dr. Aaron Peltz. Noting the I.D. badge pinned to
the man's scrubs. Memorizing his name and face.*

LIGHT (V.O.)

Dr. Aaron Peltz. Retrieves this
notebook from the river on the
night of October 12th.

*FLASH TO -- Dr. Peltz reaching down to pluck the floating
ZIPLOC BAG out of the water.*

LIGHT (V.O.)

He returns to the emergency room, arriving at the same time as the Kira suspect. He administers drugs over the next nine days to ensure the suspect does not wake.

FLASH TO -- PELTZ switching out Light's IV bag.

LIGHT (V.O.)

Each night, Dr. Peltz fills in the blanks in the notebook with the names of each criminal who appears on the nightly news. He wears gloves, and is careful not to touch the pages.

FLASH TO -- PELTZ at HOME, watching the EVENING NEWS, the Death Note in hand. We see that Light has already created HUNDREDS OF ENTRIES in the Death Note, leaving only the names blank. ("_____ " dies in traffic accident.")

Dr. Peltz fills in each blank with the name of another criminal. He's wearing rubber surgical gloves.

LIGHT (V.O.)

On Day Ten, he returns the Death Note to the Kira suspect. The next day, he falls off the roof while doing home repairs.

FLASH TO -- A LITTLE GIRL, SCREAMING in her FRONT YARD. We track toward DR. PELTZ'S BODY, bent almost backwards by the impact, his eyes glassy and unseeing.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

L searches Naomi's bedroom. Not entirely sure what he's hoping to find. A question. A clue. A miracle.

He scans her desk drawers. Flips through her school notebooks. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

He activates her computer. The desktop background is a PHOTO OF LIGHT AND NAOMI, posing on the waterfront. Light is wearing his usual cocky grin, but Naomi's smile is more subdued. There's something pensive--perhaps even a little sad--in her expression.

L stares at the image. At the girl he was unable to save.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

We PUSH IN on Light. A flicker of guilt plays across his face. Because his worst crime is still to come.

LIGHT (V.O.)

Naomi Hutton.

FLASH TO -- Light, in a moment of sheer desperation, writing Naomi's name into the Death Note.

LIGHT (V.O.)

Delivers the Death Note to her
boyfriend on the Columbus Drive
Bridge.

FLASH TO -- Naomi and Light, each holding a corner of the notebook, as the helicopter thunders overhead.

LIGHT (V.O.)

When the bridge unexpectedly
opens, both Naomi and her
boyfriend fall.

FLASH TO -- Light, dangling from the top of the bridge, clutching Naomi's wrist.

NAOMI

Light--

He releases his grip. Together they plunge out of sight.

FLASH TO -- Light writing the last few words onto the Death Note page.

LIGHT (V.O.)

She hits the sidewalk, crushing
her skull. Dies instantly.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

L shuts off Naomi's computer. Starts to turn away.

That's when he notices the corner of a SHEET OF PAPER, poking out from beneath the keyboard.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Light sits there, expressionless, staring down at the Death Note in his lap.

From somewhere in the darkness, we hear the sharp FLUTTER of TERRIBLE WINGS.

RYUK (O.S.)

Heh, heh, heh...

A pair of YELLOW EYES appear from deep within the shadows. Burning like twin lanterns.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

L slides the sheet of paper from beneath the keyboard.

It's a PAGE TORN FROM THE DEATH NOTE. Every square inch of paper is covered in Light's meticulous handwriting.

The names of Light's victims. The manner of death. Sometimes even the exact time of death. It's all here.

INT. LIGHT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Slowly, lovingly, Light CARESSES the Death Note.

Running his fingers along that jet black cover.

At the same time, the frame bisects, BECOMING A SPLIT-SCREEN IMAGE OF BOTH LIGHT AND L...

Light with his weapon.

L with his evidence.

And both men smile.

Thinking they have won.

THE END